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The English Coronation Oath.

BY THE REV. T. E. BRIDGETT, C.SS.R.

THE memory of few of my readers will carry them back to the morning of June 20th, 1837, when the first word spoken by every one was: "Well, so the poor King is dead, and we have a Princess on the throne, God bless her!" That morning is vividly in my memory, for I was already of the mature age of eight years and some months; and still more vividly do I remember the magnificent ceremonial which, a year later, on June 28th, 1838, accompanied Her Majesty's coronation. I now refer to these things, because the length of time that has elapsed obliges us to acknowledge, however reluctantly, that the day cannot be so far distant when we shall see the renewal of these solemnities. I wish that it were more distant, first, out of respect and gratitude to the venerable Lady whose name brightens the annals of the last sixty years, and secondly, because it will entail the repetition, not merely of a great national act of piety in a religious coronation, but also of a national act of impiety which has almost faded from the memory of men—I mean the solemn abjuration by the monarch, in vile and insulting terms, of the most cherished doctrines and practices of the Catholic Church.

Let me hasten to say, in a spirit of sincere loyalty to him who is next to wear the crown of England, that I make entire abstraction from the character of his personal act, and shall in no way discuss his responsibility. I think, however, that I am not going beyond the limits of what is right and becoming in tracing to its historical sources what Cardinal Wiseman has designated, "a national crime,"[1] a term which I shall presently explain and justify.

Many of my readers may be ignorant of the formula of which I am about to treat, for it is scarcely touched on in any of the usual sources of information. I propose then, first, to make a short historical review of the English Coronation Oath, and then to dwell on that part of the formula which was added about two centuries since.

I.

All countries seem to have been agreed that it was fitting that the accession of a prince should be accompanied by some contract, promise, or profession. A most interesting discovery has been made in the ruins of ancient Babylon. It is an inscription recording, amongst other things, the coronation, or at least proclamation, of Nabonidus, a monarch of the Babylonian Empire in the sixth century before Christ.

To the house of the sceptre they brought me. Their offering they poured out and kissed my feet, they proclaimed my majesty in the land, Merodach to the lordship of the land has exalted. Now they sang: "Oh, father of the land, who has no equal."

[1] In a letter printed in the *Life of Father Ignatius Spencer*, p. 253.

This is in strange contrast with the homage, accompanied by solemn admonition and prayer, of Christian coronations; yet there seems to have been even then some compact between the monarch and his people; for the same inscription tells us that the two princes, Evil-Merodach and Labasi-Kudur, were dethroned, because "they broke their oaths."[1] In the history of the anointings of the Jewish kings, we have no mention of a coronation oath; their powers, however, were strictly regulated and limited by the Divine law. The earliest record of royal unction among Christian kings certainly belongs to our island. It is a sad one. Gildas, writing of the British kings who ruled in various parts after the retirement of the Roman legions, says: *Ungebantur reges, et paulo post ab unctoribus trucidabantur*—"Kings were anointed and soon after slain by their anointers." The most ancient order for the benediction of a King is found in an English Pontifical, that of Archbishop Egbert, who died in 766. But perhaps I had better first give the outline of the "Benediction and Coronation of a King," as it is in the present Roman Pontifical. The King is to fast three days in the week preceding his coronation, which will take place on a Sunday. The ceremony is to be performed if possible by the Metropolitan, and (as usual with such ceremonies) is a kind of interlude in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. The Pontiff addresses a beautiful exhortation to the King, who makes the following profession:

I who, by the providence of God, am about to be King, profess and promise before God and His angels, that henceforth, according to my knowledge and power I will do

[1] *Times*, January 9, 1896.

and keep justice and peace to the Church of God, and to the people subject to me, with due regard to the mercy of God, according as I shall be able to ascertain be the counsel of my faithful [advisers]. Also to pay duy and canonical honour to the bishops of God's churches, and observe inviolably whatever has been granted to the churches by emperors and kings. Also to pay due honour to my abbots, counts, and vassals, according to faithful counsel.

The King then kneels and places both hands on the Gospels held open by the Bishop, saying: "So help me God and His holy Gospels," and kisses the Bishop's hand. Then follow prayers and litanies, and the Bishop, with the oil called that of the catechumens (the same which is used in Baptism), anoints in the sign of the Cross the forearm, and the neck between the shoulders. The Mass begins, and the King having been clothed with royal vestments kneels at his faldstool. Before the Gospel he receives the sword with appropriate exhortations and prayers, and the crown and sceptre, and is placed upon his throne. The *Te Deum* is sung and the Gospel, and the Mass proceeds, the King makes his offering, and is expected to receive Communion after the celebrant.

The Roman Pontifical was never used in England before the Reformation, but the ceremonies and prayers of our old English Pontificals are substantially the same. I have no intention of dwelling in detail on the various parts of the ceremonial. I will merely observe regarding the unctions, that formerly chrism was used as well as oil of catechumens. The King was first anointed with the oil on the palms of the hands, the breast, between the shoulders, on the

forearm, and on the crown of the head; and then with chrism on the forehead.[1]

Since the Reformation the coronation has lost none of its splendour, though some consider it a mere religious pageant,[2] imparting no sacredness. Many of the old rites have been retained, as the anointing, girding with the sword, crowning and enthroning.

As regards the oil, it seems that a change has been made. There are animal, vegetable, and mineral oils of many kinds, but the Catholic Church knows one only for sacred purposes, that which was in use in Palestine in the time of our Lord—the oil of olives, which He sanctified (I may add) by His agony and sweat of blood in the olive-grove. The oil of catechumens and the oil for the sick are both the same in substance, but consecrated by the Bishop with different prayers. Chrism is also olive-oil, but mixed with balsam. The Anglican Bishops who prepared the oil for the coronation of Charles I., made a signal innovation. He was anointed with the oil of ben, made from the ben-nut and mixed with many choice perfumes. This nut-oil was used also in the unction of the Catholic King, James II., and he is said to have made a largess of £200 to the perfumer.[3]

Before reviewing the oaths taken by our kings I may say that, though English Catholics attached sacredness to the person of an anointed King, they did not consider that the coronation oath and anoint-

[1] Robert Holkot; and the various rituals published by Maskell.

[2] Cassell's *Dictionary of English History*, Art. "Coronation."

[3] On the coronation of Charles I. and other kings, see the Ritual, with notes, by Christopher Wordsworth, M.A., published for the Henry Bradshaw Society, in 1892.

ing were necessary to his authority, or conferred on him an absolute immunity.[1] The King had all his rights and duties from the moment of his accession or acceptation, and he thereupon entered into a tacit contract with his people. We have an instance of what was thought of the ceremony of royal unction in the history of Richard II. Shakspere has here somewhat misled us. Wishing to depict the fickle character of that King, he has represented him as at first proclaiming the Divine right of kings in language such as would have delighted James I.:

> Not all the water in the rough rude sea
> Can wash the balm from an anointed King:
> The breath of worldly men cannot depose
> The deputy elected by the Lord.[2]

After his deposition he goes to the opposite extreme:

> With mine own tears I wash away my balm,
> With mine own hands I give away my crown,
> With mine own tongue deny my sacred state,
> With mine own breath release all duteous oaths.[3]

Perhaps Shakspere is true to the character of Richard II., in that neither in his prosperity nor in his adversity, does he advert to the breach of his coronation oath. But as regards the unction he has not reported correctly.

This anointed King was deposed by the nobility and clergy in October, 1399. After his deposition he was pressed by the Parliamentary Commissioners to renounce all the honours and dignity pertaining to a king. *Respondit quod noluit renuntiare spirituali honori characteris sibi impressi et inunctioni.*—"He

[1] On this point see Stubbs, *Constitutional History*, i. 146.
[2] *Richard II.* Act iii. scene 2. [3] *Ibid.* Act iv. scene 1.

replied that he would not renounce the spiritual honour of the character impressed upon him and his anointing."[1] Of course the Church does not admit a royal character, like the character of Baptism, Confirmation, and Order, nor is royal unction a sacrament. It is improbable that Richard made any mistake on this subject. His words merely prove that in his misfortune and disgrace he thought tenderly and reverently of his solemn consecration to the royal dignity. We may contrast his chivalrous words with those of Queen Elizabeth. For prudential motives she had been crowned after the old Catholic forms. She knelt before the high altar, and took the customary oath. After her anointing, when she had retired to change her dress, she revenged herself on the Church and her own compliance by saying to her ladies that the oil had an evil and greasy smell, and then returned to the altar to complete her hypocrisy by hearing Mass and receiving Communion. Her preparation for her coronation had been to fix the day by the calculations of a conjurer.[2] But let us pass to something worthier.

In the Pontifical of Egbert the royal declaration is made in the form of a decree.

It is the duty of a king newly ordained and enthroned to enjoin on the Christian people subject to him these three precepts: first, that the Church of God and all the Christian people preserve true peace at all times. Amen. Secondly, that he forbid rapacity and all iniquities to all degrees. Amen. Thirdly, that in all judgments he enjoin equity and mercy, that therefore the clement and merciful God may grant us His mercy. Amen.[3]

[1] See Stubbs, *Constitutional History*, iii. 13.
[2] See Miss Strickland's account.
[3] Martene, lib. ii.; Lingard, *Anglo-Saxon History*, c. viii.

In the oath administered by St. Dunstan and St. Oswald to Edgar at Bath in 973, by St. Dunstan, at Kingston, to Ethelred II. in 978, the promise to observe these things is made by the kings. After reciting it aloud they laid a written copy on the altar.[1] We possess the formula as spoken in Anglo-Saxon.[2] So, too, William the Conqueror, when crowned by the Archbishop of York in 1066, immediately after the Battle of Hastings, did not claim the right of a conqueror, but standing before the altar at Westminster, "in the presence of the clergy and the whole people," writes the chronicler, Florence of Worcester,

> he promised with an oath that he would defend God's holy Churches and their rulers; that he would, moreover, rule the whole people subject to him with righteousness and royal providence, would enact and hold fast right law, utterly forbid rapine and unrighteous judgments.

"The form of election and acceptance," remarks Bishop Stubbs, "was regularly observed, and the legal position of the new King completed, before he went forth to finish the conquest."[3]

William Rufus made the same promises to Lanfranc, though I need not say that he observed none of them; so did Henry I., and he confirmed them by a charter. The formalities of the coronation of Richard I. became a precedent for future coronations, but no change was made in the oath either by him or his brother John, only the Archbishop

[1] Cotton MS. H. iii.

[2] Hickes, *Religious Antiquities*, ii. 194, and Taylor, *Glories of Regality*, Additional Notes, p. 329.

[3] *Constitutional History*, i. 258.

reminded the latter, or rather adjured him on God's behalf, that he should not take the honour to himself, without a full purpose to keep his oath, and John replied that by God's help in good faith he would keep all he had sworn.

There is no need to go through the whole series of our kings. What had been promised by the Anglo-Saxons was promised also by every one of the Normans. Some additions were gradually made, not in the democratic, but in the regal sense, as that the King "should recover the decayed or lost rights of the crown."[1]

By the time of Edward II., in 1308, the oath was framed in the form of question and answer, as it still remains. Special commemoration was made of the good laws of St. Edward. The original formula (given in Rymer) is in French. In English it is as follows:

Sire, says the Archbishop, will you grant and keep, and by your oath confirm to the people of England, the laws and customs to them granted by the ancient Kings of England, your righteous and godly predecessors; and especially the laws, customs, and privileges granted to the clergy and people by the glorious King St. Edward, your predecessor? The King replies: I grant them and promise. Sire, will you keep towards God, and Holy Church, and to clergy and people, peace and accord in God, entirely, after your power? I will keep them. Sire, will you cause to be done in all your judgments equal and right justice and discretion, in mercy and truth, to your power? I will so do. Sire, do you grant to hold and to keep the laws and righteous customs which the community of your realm shall have chosen, and will you defend and strengthen them to the honour of God, to the utmost of your power? I grant and promise.

[1] See the formula in Blackstone's note.

It is to be well noted that the King did not bind himself not to repeal, with the consent of his Parliament, laws then existing. The words were, *quas vulgus elegerit, les quiels la communaute de vostre roiaume aura esleu*—"which the community shall choose or shall have chosen." In a word, he limited his administrative not his legislative power. It was for want of understanding this that George III. obstinately refused to consent to Catholic Emancipation, as contrary to his coronation oath.[1]

In view of the later conduct of Henry VIII. it is very remarkable that, before his coronation, he manipulated the oath he was to take, softening the expressions about the rights of the people, and interpolating clauses regarding the rights of the crown. The document still exists, and has been printed in facsimile by Sir Henry Ellis.[2]

The coronation of Edward VI. introduced several novelties. Not only was the acceptation of the King by the people not asked, as had always been the custom, but the forms were changed by the Archbishop, Cranmer. The oath was indeed a fair one. The young King bound himself

1. To the people of England, to keep the laws and liberties of the realm. 2. To the Church and the people, to keep peace and concord. 3. To do in all his judgments equal justice. 4. To make no laws but to the honour of God, and the good of the commonwealth, and by the consent of the people as had been accustomed.

But, just as Cranmer before taking his own oath of obedience to the Sovereign Pontiff, previously to his

[1] See Stubbs, ii. 317, and Macaulay's observations on the coronation of William and Mary.

[2] *Original Letters*, Series **2. i.**

consecration, had made a private declaration that he did not intend to be bound by his words, so, immediately after receiving the coronation oath of Edward, he declared to him that his right to rule was derived from God alone, that neither the Bishop of Rome nor any other bishop could impose conditions on him; and that his duties would be, as God's vicegerent, to see that God be worshipped and idolatry be destroyed, that the tyranny of the Bishop of Rome be banished, and images be removed, and so forth.[1]

Yet this new interpretation of the nation's ancient words, and this first reference to *idolatry* in connection with the royal office, were made in the presence of the altar where hung the Blessed Sacrament. It is even said that the King made his oath upon the Sacrament laid upon the altar,[2] and the ceremonies concluded with a solemn High Mass sung by the Archbishop. In a year or two the Blessed Sacrament was cut down, the altar-stones broken, and Mass abolished.[3]

Mary Tudor was crowned by Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, and took the accustomed oaths, "which oaths," says the record, "her Highness, being led to the high altar, promised and swore upon the Sacrament lying upon the altar, in the presence of all the people, to observe and keep."[4]

[1] Lingard, from Strype's *Cranmer*. [2] Planché, *Royal Records*.

[3] *A propos* of Cranmer's conduct, Bossuet writes: "How blind, how contradictory to itself is the Reformation, which, in order to raise a horror of the Church's practices, must call them idolatrous! Obliged to excuse the same things in her first authors, she holds them for indifferent, and makes it more conspicuous than the sun, either that she mocks the whole universe by calling that idolatry which is not such, or that those she admires as her heroes were of all men the most corrupt." (*History of the Variations*, bk. vii. sect. 107.)

[4] J. R. Planché, *Royal Records*, p. 18.

Of Elizabeth's coronation and perjury I have already spoken. James I., Charles I., Charles II., and James II., swore in the very words of the formula used by Edward II., which I have given above, except that, after mentioning the laws and customs of St. Edward, a clause was added, "according to the law of God, and the true profession of the Gospel established in this kingdom." As it was the Bishop who used these words, "true profession," James II. could, or thought he could, leave to the Bishop the responsibility of the word "true," and yet answer sincerely, "I promise to keep it," *i.e.*, not to violate what is established.

After the Revolution of 1688, when the time came for the coronation of William and Mary, a Bill was quickly passed through both Houses, settling the terms of the coronation oath: "All parties," says Macaulay, "were agreed as to the propriety of requiring the King to swear that, in temporal matters, he would govern according to law, and would execute justice in mercy. But about the terms of the oath which related to the spiritual institutions of the realm there was much debate. Should the chief magistrate promise simply to maintain the [reformed] Protestant religion established by law, or should he promise to maintain that religion as it should be hereafter established by law? The majority preferred the former phrase."

This was the first use of the word Protestant in the coronation oath. All mention of St. Edward and his laws was henceforth most consistently omitted.

I now come to the principal subject of this paper. I again quote Lord Macaulay: "The Convention had

resolved that it was contrary to the interest of the kingdom to be governed by a papist, but had prescribed no test which should ascertain whether a prince was or was not a papist. The defect was now supplied." By the Bill of Rights (October, 1689,) "it was enacted that every English Sovereign should in full Parliament and at the coronation repeat and subscribe the Declaration against Transubstantiation."[1] As usual, Macaulay leaves us to find out elsewhere what were the words of this Declaration and what was its history. Its outline was first drawn by the Puritans in the great rebellion against Charles I. in 1643; it was enacted by the Parliament of Charles II. (in 1673) in the Test Act, to keep Catholics out of office, both civil and military; and in an enlarged and more insulting form, it was imposed on all Members of Parliament in 1678. It was now extended to the wearer of the crown, and the longer and more virulent and offensive form was chosen for the purpose. It runs as follows:

"I, A. B., by the grace of God, King (or Queen) of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, do solemnly and sincerely in the Presence of God, profess, testify, and declare, that I do believe that in the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper there is not any Transubstantiation of the elements of bread and wine into the Body and Blood of Christ at or after the consecration thereof by any person whatsoever: and that the invocation or adora-

[1] So it is given by Macaulay. But the words of the Act (1 William and Mary, Sess. 2. c. 2) are that the declaration shall be made by the King on the first day of meeting of his first Parliament, sitting on his throne in the House of Peers, in the presence of the Lords and Commons, *or else* at coronation, whichever should first happen.

tion of the Virgin Mary or any other Saint, and the Sacrifice of the Mass, as they are now used in the Church of Rome, are superstitious and idolatrous. And I do solemnly in the presence of God profess, testify, and declare, that I do make this declaration, and every part thereof, in the plain and ordinary sense of the words read unto me, as they are commonly understood by English Protestants, without any evasion, equivocation, or mental reservation whatsoever, and without any dispensation already granted me for this purpose by the Pope, or any other authority or person whatsoever, or without any hope of any such dispensation from any person or authority whatsoever, or without thinking that I am or can be acquitted before God or man, or absolved of this declaration or any part thereof, although the Pope, or any other person or persons, or power whatsoever, should dispense with or annul the same, or declare that it was null and void from the beginning."

I reserve for a time my remarks on this Declaration, and will first complete its history. The first of our Sovereigns who uttered these shameful words was Queen Anne, at her coronation, April 23 (O.S.), 1702, being the feast of St. George. The place was before the high altar of Westminster, where St. Edward is said to have had his vision of our Lord's Presence under the sacred species, a church erected for the very purpose of enhancing the majesty of that Holy Sacrifice now declared to be idolatrous. The same oath has been required from every subsequent monarch. It was taken by Her Majesty Queen Victoria at the opening of her first Parliament, November 20th, 1837.

When, in 1829, at what is called Catholic Emancipation, this, and the similar oath of the Test Act, were abolished for members of Parliament and for most holders of office, civil or military, a few offices were declared to be not open to Roman Catholics, and for these the old test was reserved. Those from whom it was still required (besides the Sovereign) were the Lords Chancellors of England and Ireland, the Chancellors of the Universities of Oxford, Cambridge, and Dublin, and perhaps some others. No one has yet dared to moot the question in Parliament of abolishing this Declaration for the supreme ruler of the British Empire, but it has been repealed as regards all others.

On March 20th, 1866, Sir Colman O'Loghlan got leave to introduce a Bill for abolishing what he truly called "this relic of barbarism." His motion was seconded by Sir John Gray, a Protestant, and the Government declared that they would make no opposition. The Bill regarded at first only the two dignities of Lord Lieutenant and Lord Chancellor of Ireland. On the second reading, April 24th, Mr. Whalley said that—

> Whatever was meant by Transubstantiation, it had always been considered as that particular feature of the Romish faith against which persons might object without being open to the charge of religious bigotry.

The word "object" is assuredly a mild rendering of calling God to witness that the practice of others is idolatrous. If a Protestant cannot bring himself to admit the Real Presence or the Incarnation, we regret it, but we do not consider his profession of disbelief as a personal insult directed against our-

selves; whereas the Declaration against Transubstantiation is neither a profession of Protestant faith nor of Protestant un-faith, but a studied and gross insult offered to the Catholic Church. Mr. Whalley would, I suppose, have been quite surprised at the saying of Mr. Charles Butler, that "a Protestant is not more hurt at a Turk's calling him a Christian dog than a Catholic is at a Protestant's calling him an idolater." The next words of Mr. Whalley, as reported in Hansard, are very curious:

> The mass [he said] derived all its efficacy from a power conferred on priests by the pope; and though it was the policy of this country to allow every man to worship God as he pleased, they never, on any pretence of religious liberty, had allowed a foreign prince to interfere in that house.

So this declaration, which had been first introduced in order to settle the throne on foreign princes, was at last defended on the plea of English patriotism! and by what a defender! and with what arguments!

The Bill was read a third time on June 12, 1866, and the only opponents were Whiteside, Newdegate, Whalley, and Chambers. It was introduced in the Upper House by the Marquis of Clanricarde, and read a second time on July 16th; but on the representation that a commission was sitting on the general subject of oaths, it was withdrawn. The commission had reported on the advisability of retrenching these acrimonious declarations; and when Sir Colman O'Loghlan re-introduced the measure on February 7, 1867, it was on a wider basis. It was no longer to be confined to Ireland, but to regard every office-holder in England as well as Ireland; but it had no

reference to the Sovereign. Mr. Newdegate thought it was very cruel to isolate the monarch, and wished that some of the great officers of the State should at least declare their adhesion to two of the Thirty-Nine Articles — the twenty-second and twenty-eighth, rejecting Purgatory as well as Mass. He met with no supporters. The third reading was on May 14th.

It was introduced in the House of Lords by Lord Kimberley, who had been Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. His speech was very noteworthy.

> He had himself [he said] been called upon to make that Declaration before the Irish Privy Council, in the presence of a large number of persons of the Roman Catholic faith; and he must say he had never in his life made a declaration with more pain than when he was required before men holding high office, and for whom he had the greatest respect, to declare the tenets of their religion to be superstitious and idolatrous.[1]

The Bill passed the Lords with little opposition, and received the royal assent, July 25, 1867. The Act, which is called ch. 62 of 30th and 31st Victoria, is short, and consists of only two clauses. It runs as follows:

"Whereas by various Acts a certain Declaration, commonly called the Declaration against Transubstantiation and the Invocation of Saints, and the Sacrifice of the Mass, as practised in the Church of Rome (and which Declaration is more fully set forth in the schedule to this Act annexed), is recognized to be taken, made and subscribed by the *subjects* of Her Majesty, for the enjoyment of certain civil offices, franchises, and rights:

[1] Hansard's *Debates*.

"And whereas it is expedient to alter the law in that respect, and to abolish the said Declaration:

"Be it enacted by the Queen's most excellent Majesty, &c., as follows:

"1. From and after the passing of this Act, all such parts of the said Acts as require the said Declaration to be taken, made, or subscribed by any of Her Majesty's subjects as a qualification for the exercise or enjoyment of any civil office, franchise, or right, shall be, and the same are hereby, repealed, and it shall not be obligatory for any person hereafter to take, make, or subscribe the said Declaration as a qualification for the exercise or enjoyment of any civil office, franchise, or right within the realm.

"2. Nothing in this Act contained shall be construed to enable any person professing the Roman Catholic Religion to exercise or enjoy any civil office, franchise, or right, for the exercise or enjoyment of which the taking, making, or subscribing the Declaration, by this Act abolished, is now by law a necessary qualification, or any other civil office, franchise, or right from which he is now by law excluded."

Since the passing of this Act, the Lord Chancellorship of Ireland has been opened to Catholics, but not that of England. It is, however, a popular mistake to suppose that any subject of the Queen has now to make the offensive Declaration invented by the Parliament of Charles II. and William III. I say subject, for alas! the clauses of the Bill of Rights and of the Act of Settlement are still unrepealed, which exact it from the Sovereign. Lord

Derby, however, remarked, "The oath which the Bill abolishes is *totidem verbis* the same as the one required to be taken by the Sovereign at his or her coronation; and consequently the Bill does open up a much larger question than at first sight it would appear to do." Mr. Newdegate also said that, if it was offensive to Catholics for the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland to make the Declaration, of course it was more offensive for the Sovereign to do so; therefore the next step would be to interfere with the Act of Settlement itself. I hope Mr. Newdegate will be found to have been a prophet.

II.

It certainly does not appear at first sight why, among all Catholic doctrines and practices, those which refer to the Holy Eucharist and the saints should have been selected for repudiation. They have no political significance; there is nothing in them that leads to tyranny or the exercise of arbitrary power; there is nothing that presupposes weak intellect, or moral degradation, or vicious tendency of any sort in those that hold them. Lord Macaulay had so little inclination towards Transubstantiation, that he considered it of all things to him the most incredible; yet, looking at facts, he acknowledged that those who believed it might be the most acute and virtuous of men.

When we reflect that Sir Thomas More was ready to die for the doctrine of transubstantiation, we cannot but feel some doubt whether the doctrine of transubstantiation

may not triumph over all opposition. More was a man of eminent talents. He had all the information on the subject that we have, or that, while the world lasts, any human being will have. . . . We are therefore, unable to understand why what Sir Thomas More believed respecting transubstantiation may not be believed to the end of time by men equal in abilities to Sir Thomas More. But Sir Thomas More is one of the choice specimens of human wisdom and virtue.[1]

Luckily for Macaulay, when he entered Parliament the Declaration formerly required from members had just been abolished; for though he could easily have professed his disbelief of Catholic doctrine, he could not, without belying his own principles, have accused Sir Thomas More, and others like him, of idolatry.

It is surely worthy of note that when Cranmer, at Edward's coronation, gave the first warning to the Sovereign that he ruled over idolaters, image-worship was the idolatry and the Mass was at least indifferent. It was still image-worship that constituted the great apostasy of the Catholic Church according to the Homilies. But by the Parliaments of Charles II and subsequent kings, image-worship was allowed to fall into the background, and the Sacrifice of Mass and invocation of saints were made the unpardonable crimes. In Cranmer this is easily explained. Until the close of Henry's life he had taught the Catholic doctrine on the Eucharist, expressly affirming both Sacrifice and Transubstantiation; while Henry's last vagary had been to destroy certain images as idols. The Elizabethan silence may perhaps be explained by the fact that, while there was the greatest unanimity among English and Continental Reformers against

[1] Essay on Ranke's *History of the Popes*.

the Mass as a Sacrifice, there was much division regarding Real Presence and Adoration.

There are two things that explain the selection made by England of these doctrines to be repudiated by way of political test: first, the convenience of finding an effective bar against Papists; secondly, a special hatred derived from the first English Reformers. As regards the first, it must be admitted that the test was effective. No Catholic could speak the words and remain a Catholic. Yet effective things are not always desirable. The Declaration kept out Catholics, but did not exclude atheists. If a club of anarchists, eager to prevent any gentleman from joining them, should decree that every candidate should call his own mother by the vilest name that can be given to woman, it would no doubt be an effective test. What less was it to ask Catholics to accuse their own spiritual mother, the Church of the saints, of idolatry and superstition? In the second place, I attribute the choice of this formula to an inveterate hatred of the Holy Mass derived from Protestant tradition. The writings of the early English Reformers are full of such passages as the following, which is found in the writings of Miles Coverdale, one of the consecrators of Parker, and in those of John Bradford: which copied from the other I cannot say.

> The devil [say these writers] by giving his daughter Idolatry, with her dowry of worldly wealth riches and honour, to the pope and his shaven shorlings, they have by this means in so many years past been begetting a daughter which at length was delivered, to destroy preaching, even the minion Missa, Mistress Missa, who danceth daintily

before the Herods of this world, and is the cause why John Baptist and the preachers be put into prison and lose their heads. This dancing damsel is trimmed and tricked on the best and most holy manner that can be, even with the word of God, the epistle and the gospel, with the sacrament of Christ's body and blood, with the pomander and perfumes of prayer, and all godly things that can be, but blasphemously and horribly abused, to be a mermaid to amuse and bewitch men sailing in the seas of this life, to be enamoured of her. And, therefore, besides her aforesaid goodly apparel, she hath all kinds of sweet tunes, ditties, melodies, singing, playing, ringing, knocking, kneeling, standing, lifting, crossing, blowing, mowing, incensing, &c.[1]

Worse and obscene things follow, which I omit.

Ribaldry of this kind was preached and printed continuously, while all Catholic books were rigidly suppressed. What wonder if the word Mass became a term of horror and opprobrium! To account for the hatred of the Reformers themselves for Holy Mass it would be necessary to enter into the history and nature of the general revolt of the sixteenth century called the Reformation. This of course I cannot now even touch upon.

But I will give one small illustration of the effects of the Protestant tradition. It is but a straw to show the fury of the gale. Shakspere had made Iago exclaim: "By the mass, 'tis morning."[2] The tender conscience of the Master of the Revels (the official censor, like our Lord Chamberlain), had the words changed into: "In troth, 'tis morning." Was this from reverence for sacred things? Far from it. The Protestants of the days of James I. were not

[1] Bradford's Works, p. 288; Coverdale's Works, p. 265.
[2] *Othello*, Act ii. scene 3. See Singer's note.

able to hear the word Mass pronounced even in an oath. They could bear a great deal of profanity and indecency, but not to be reminded of the Mass. It was well enough for Othello to cry, "Death and damnation! Oh!" or, "Perdition catch my soul!" Such words befitted his mighty passion. It might, no doubt, have been appropriate to make Iago swear by the Mass. Venice might recognize the word, but Protestant London could not bear it!

And here I will offer a few reflections that may help to explain what is a historical puzzle—this intense and continuous hatred of Protestants for what we cherish and adore. First, then, we must remember that to affect zeal for God's honour is no proof whatever of real religion or spirituality. The Jews accused our Lord of blasphemy, and the idolatrous heathen called the first Christians atheists. Nor, on the other hand, is it any presumption against the possession of truth, that the holders of a doctrine should be accused of impiety. Our Divine Lord warned us to expect such accusations.

In the second place, idolatry is a very evil-sounding word; it is not the name of an innocent error, but of a gross religious crime; yet if we look into history, we shall see that it has been often cast by the vilest men against the best. Who were so brutal as the Iconoclasts—the enemies of images in the eighth century—Constantine Copronymus, the Greek Emperor, and his party? To them all Catholics were gross idolaters. The first English Protestant Bishops, with their Calvinistic and Zwinglian divines, renewing the folly and rage of the iconoclasts, declared in their Book of Homilies that

Laity and clergy, learned and unlearned, all ages, sects and degrees of men, women and children, of whole Christendom (an horrible and most dreadful thing to think), have been at once drowned in abominable idolatry, of all other vices most detested by God, and most damnable to man, and this by the space of eight hundred years and more.

Since this accusation notoriously included in its sweep men infinitely superior to those who uttered it —great philosophers, great statesmen, great ecclesiastics, innumerable saints of every class—was there the slightest presumption that those against whom it was made deserved the reproach? And once more, when this accusation of idolatry was renewed by the statesmen and legislators of Charles II., not any longer on account of the supposed image-worship, which Catholics indignantly repudiated, but on account of the adoration of the Blessed Sacrament and invocation of the saints, which they cordially admitted and defended; let it be remembered that all these maligners were either the dupes of Titus Oates or used him as their tool. Is it likely that such men were among the "little ones" to whom it pleases the Heavenly Father to reveal His mind, which He hides from the wise and prudent of this world? Who were the accusers? Many were men like Lord Shaftesbury, notoriously infidel and immoral. When was the accusation made? At that period of English history when the country had sunk, politically and morally, to the lowest depth it has ever reached? Who were the supposed idolaters? The Catholic Church of all climes and ages. Who were the worst of the idolaters? The most fervent of the Catholics.

Good God [cried St. Thomas of Villanova, alluding to such accusations], if those who forsook all the riches and pleasures of the world, to live in the greatest purity and simplicity, like angels in human form, living for Thee alone, for Thy honour, for Thy service, and intent on Thy praises day and night, seeking nothing but Thee, hurting no man, doing good to all, humble, modest and pious; if such as these were deceived and lived in error, and, as thinking evil of God, perfidious and sacrilegious, have been condemned —who then have been saved?

St. Thomas of Villanova was a Spaniard. English Catholics, however, were quite able to defend themselves. I must give you one specimen of the language and style of reasoning adopted by our Catholic champions when this accusation of idolatry was first broached. I quote from a little-known English work of Nicolas Sander, written in the early days of Queen Elizabeth:

Many things are to be abhorred, which are in these our days taught against the truth of the gospel, yet never was anything so maliciously invented, so blasphemously uttered, so foolishly maintained, as to say that it is idolatry to worship with godly honour the Body and Blood of Christ in the Sacrament of the Altar.

For that saying presupposeth external idols not to have been taken away by the coming of Christ, which is against the express word of God. It presupposeth also that idolatry should be maintained among Christians themselves, not only in groves, hills, and corners, but even openly, in the midst of the whole church, by public doctrine and universal practice, which never chanced, no not even among the Jews.

And—which is most abominable of all—it presupposeth that Christ, who came to end and overthrow all idols, and specially those which were made by hand of man, now Himself should give occasion why His own people should worship baker's bread and wine of grape, and that this

idolatry should be committed by pretence of His own word; yea that it should be done unto Himself in His own mysteries falsely and wickedly, if by any means Christ may be falsely adored.

Can there yet a more lewd and foolish point be added to this opinion? Yea verily. They that teach the worshipping of the sacrament of the altar to be idolatry, say the Bishop of Rome was the cause of that worshipping. They teach also the Bishop of Rome to be Antichrist, which Antichrist is well known to impugn by all means the honour of Christ. And yet they confess both that Christ only made and instituted this sacrament and that the Bishop of Rome himself worshippeth the same. Thus at the length it cometh about that Antichrist finding this great mystery made by Christ, setteth it up to be worshipped of others, and himself worshippeth the same, altogether pretending the honour of Christ, and yet intending thereby (as they say) to diminish His honour. Who ever saw a doctrine so evil hanging together? . . .

Are we, so many hundred years brought up in the faith of Christ, so foolish, as to adore a dead piece of bread, as our adversaries belie us? St. Chrysostom writeth, that in his time very few cities were left where idolatry was used. And yet do all the cities, not only of Mahomet, of the Tartarians, of the Moors, but do all the cities of Christendom still commit open idolatry? For I am sure no Protestant alive can devise any city of the Christians under the sun, where Christ's Body and Blood were not worshipped under the forms of bread and wine, openly, as well in the Greek as in the Latin Churches these many hundred years together. Where was the Church of Christ? Was Our Saviour, who was promised to inherit all nations, brought to that straits, that He had not one chapel reserved to Him in all the world, where idolatry was not outwardly committed? And how committed? By pretence of His own Gospel, of His own word, of His own deed.[1]

Now, I can easily imagine a Protestant struck by these arguments, and very loth to think of Catholics

[1] *The Supper of our Lord.* By Nicolas Sander, bk. vi. ch. 3, p. 292 (1566).

as idolaters, and yet unprepared to accept their doctrine of the Real Presence, or Transubstantiation. In such a case is he logically compelled to think Catholic worship idolatrous? I would reply that assuredly he need have no such thought. If Catholics were mistaken as to Transubstantiation, or the Real Presence of our Lord, they would still not be idolaters, except in what is called a material sense. I mean that they would not have any of the guilt or the evil effects of idolatry in their souls. There would be nothing mischievous or degrading in their worship.

The Catholic Bishop Milner argues as follows:

> Let me suppose that, being charged with a loyal address to the Sovereign, you presented it by mistake to one of his courtiers, or even to an inanimate figure of him, which for some reason or other had been dressed up in royal robes and placed on the throne. Would your heart reproach you, or would any sensible person charge you, with the guilt of treason in this conduct?[1]

The matter has, however, been well put by the Protestant Bishop, Jeremy Taylor. He thus refutes the charge then frequently made against Catholics, though it had not yet been turned into a political engine.

> Idolatry is a forsaking the true God, and giving Divine worship to a creature or to an idol, that is, to an imaginary god, who hath no foundation in essence or existence; and it is that kind of superstition which by divines is called the superstition of an undue object. Now it is evident that the object of their adoration [*i.e.*, of Roman Catholics]—that which is represented to them in their minds, their thoughts and purposes, and by which God principally, if not solely, takes estimate of human actions, in the blessed Sacrament,

[1] *End of Controversy*, Letter 36.

is the only true and eternal God, hypostatically joined with His holy humanity, which humanity they believe actually present under the sacramental signs. And if they thought Him not present, they are so far from worshipping the bread in this case, that themselves profess it to be idolatry to do so; which is a demonstration that their soul hath nothing in it that is idolatrical. The will hath nothing in it that is not a great enemy to idolatry.[1]

The same thing was put in a nutshell by Dr. Johnson. Boswell asked him what he thought of the idolatry of the Mass. The Doctor answered: "Sir, there is no idolatry in the Mass. They believe God to be there, and they adore Him."[2]

These words will, I hope, be sufficient to remove from all candid minds, however Protestant, the thought that they need condemn the Catholic Church of idolatry even interiorly. But the subject I have been discussing, and which I now bring to an end, is the impolicy, the injustice, the outrage of pronouncing a solemn condemnation of Catholic worship at the accession or coronation of a new monarch, when nothing should be heard but mutual pledges of loyalty and affection.

I do not suggest that the time is come for re-opening what is called the Protestant Settlement of the Crown; but I believe that the time is quite ripe for abolishing this remnant of the bigotry of the seventeenth century. When Sir Colman O'Loghlan brought forward his Bill in 1866 and 1867, he used no arguments either in the preamble or in debate. He merely stated that it was expedient to abolish "a relic

[1] *Liberty of Prophecy*, sect. 20.
[2] This matter is developed in the Appendix.

of barbarism." He knew he had the whole House with him, with the exception of three or four, who were themselves relics of barbarism. Should it be necessary to find arguments to relieve our monarchs from the burden that has been laid on them, they will occur in abundance.

An admirable letter was addressed by the venerable historian Dr. Lingard to the Lord Chancellor on the occasion of Her Majesty Queen Victoria's taking the Declaration, on meeting her first Parliament. He shows how "cruel and indecorous" it was to require from a young girl of eighteen, not a profession of public and hereditary belief, but an unqualified condemnation of the belief and practice of others.

> It will not be denied [he writes] that before a man may safely and consistently affix the stigma of superstition and idolatry on any Church, it is incumbent on him to make the doctrine and worship of that Church the subjects of his study; to be satisfied in his own mind that he understands them correctly, and not merely as they have been misrepresented by their adversaries; and to weigh with impartiality the texts and arguments by which they may be assailed and defended. But who can expect all this from a young woman of eighteen?

May we not add, or from a man of fifty or sixty?

Lingard goes on to show how impolitic it was to require the Sovereign to insult nine millions of her own subjects, as well as to speak offensively of other crowned heads with whom she was allied and of their national creed and worship.[1]

[1] Lingard's letter was reprinted in the *Dublin Review* for January, 1838, p. 265.

On the same occasion the chivalrous Charles Waterton wrote with his wonted outspokenness:

> Who could suppose that, in these times of intense religious investigation, we should ever see a British Queen forced, by an execrable Act of Parliament, to step forward and swear that the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, at which Alfred the Great, St. Edward the Confessor, and millions upon millions, not only of Englishmen, but of all nations, both before and since their time, have kneeled and do kneel in fervent adoration, is superstitious and idolatrous? . . . Had I been near her sacred person, the sun should not have set before I had imparted to her royal ear a true and faithful account of that abominable oath. It is a satire on the times; it is a disgrace to the British nation; it ought to be destroyed by the hand of the common hangman.[1]

To these considerations we may add, has not the Empire extended since the days of William and Mary? If it was possible then to hate and trample on the small remnant of Catholics in England, and to treat the 800,000 Catholics of the Irish nation[2] as without political or religious rights, is it expedient now to insult the many millions of free-born Catholics throughout a world-wide Empire?

In the seventeenth century the question was not merely of securing a Protestant heir to the throne, but of total suppression of Catholic worship. Some fanatics would have it suppressed because they judged it idolatrous; some politicians called it idolatrous because they wished it to be suppressed. James I., who was both fanatic and politician (of a sort), had declared, shortly after his accession, that toleration

[1] In a letter printed in Wakefield, dated June 15th, 1838.
[2] See Walpole's *Kingdom of Ireland*, bk. v. ch. 2.

was contrary to his conscience; as long as he could find one hundred men to stand by him, he would fight to death against the toleration of an idolatrous worship.[1]

James Usher, Protestant Archbishop of Armagh, with eleven other prelates, promulgated a declaration that—

> To permit the free exercise of Catholic worship would be a grievous sin, because it would make the Government a party, not only to superstition, idolatry, and heresy of that worship, but also to the perdition of the seduced people, who would perish in the deluge of Catholic apostasy.[2]

A few years later, Milton, in his tract on *True Religion*, wrote:

> As for tolerating the exercise of their religion (*i.e.*, of the papists), supposing their state activities not to be dangerous, I answer that toleration is either public or private, and the exercise of their religion, as far as it is idolatrous, can be tolerated neither way. Not publicly, without grievous and insufferable scandal given to all conscientious beholders; not privately, without great offence to God, declared against all kind of idolatry, though secret. . . . We must remove their idolatry and all the furniture thereof, whether idols or the mass, wherein they adore their God under bread and wine. If they say that by removing their idols we violate their consciences, we have no warrant to regard conscience which is not grounded on scripture.

These were the principles of the seventeenth century. They are no longer practicable, nor are they held by Protestants: why then retain a formula which belonged to a system of belief and government now exploded? Is it nothing that so many mayors,

[1] Lingard, *James I.* ch. 2. [2] *Ibid. Charles I.* ch. 5.

magistrates, and judges, in England and Ireland are Catholics? so many of our bravest officers in the army and navy? that the Earl-Marshal is a Catholic? that Catholics are Governors in our colonies, Ambassadors at foreign Courts, members of Her Majesty's Privy Council? in the Ministry, in Parliament, in every department of public life? Have not our Bishops been more than once thanked by a grateful Sovereign, for their prayers offered up for the Royal Family in that very Sacrifice which this Declaration stigmatizes as idolatrous?

Again, it has become the policy of England carefully to avoid interfering with the religion of the millions of India, or hurting their religious prejudices. Are, then, the worshippers of Vishnu and Siva to be conciliated, and Catholics still to be scorned and outraged? I quote the following words from a recent article in the *Daily Chronicle:*

> Misrepresentation of the ancient beliefs by incompetent missionaries is a great hindrance to the progress of Christianity. What, for instance, can be more absurd than to represent the Hindus as ignorant and idolatrous worshippers of the work of their own hands? Bishop Heber's Missionary Hymn, though written with the best intention, really contains a gross libel upon vast multitudes of our fellow-subjects in India. What ground had the Bishop for asserting that in the island of Ceylon, "every prospect pleases and only man is vile"?

What is here said of Hinduism might perhaps be contested by some, yet the words express the tendency of English thought and policy, and those who think worst of Catholics would probably class them in religious faith and practice above Brahmins and Buddhists. Yet the natives of our Indian Empire

are conciliated by proclamations, while the worship of Catholics is repudiated as idolatrous and superstitious.

One word more. I have hitherto spoken of abolishing this Declaration as being an insult to Catholics. But may I not speak of it as insulting to the monarch who is asked to take it? Our Divine Lord was called by an old poet "the first true gentleman that ever breathed;" and the word gentleman is so high that there is nothing incongruous in the appellation. Well, most certainly, a Christian King should hold gentleness and honour as the brightest of his crown-jewels. Is it, then, treating our King as a gentleman to suspect his word and his oath, to oblige him to multiply phrases that he is not equivocating, nor guilty of evasion, nor dispensed to lie, and the rest? We tie a conjurer into his chair with knots and double knots: are we thus to tie a King upon his throne? The conjurer will in any case give us the slip; and how will twisted and knotted phrases bind a King who is not a man of honour? Oh! how dignified was the simple coronation oath of our Catholic forefathers, how worthy of a King, and worthy of a great and free and Christian nation. Dryden uses the phrase:

> And kind as King upon his coronation-day.

It was no doubt a proverbial expression; but it can never be used again in England until the hateful note of discord introduced at the Revolution is silenced.

But I need not continue. Catholics and Protestants alike will bless the man who shall relieve the nation from a burden which is both a folly and a crime.

APPENDIX.

I. NATURE OF IDOLATRY.

It may be of use to give some further development to what has been said on the sin of idolatry and its special guilt. St. Augustine, who knew the practice and spirit of idolatry well, and was perfectly acquainted with its history among civilized nations, remarks that it had its source in the degradation of the human heart. No one, he says, ever gave the name of God except to what he esteemed the highest and best, at least the best to himself. All men who worship a god of any kind retain in their mind the attributes of power, of knowledge, and supremacy as belonging to a Divine Being; but they vary in their attribution of moral qualities or perfections. The voluptuary clothes that Being with a lustful nature like his own; the blood-thirsty man invents cruel gods and goddesses; the agriculturist, seeing the fertility of the earth dependent on the sunshine, the rain, or the brimming stream, gives Divine Power to the forces of Nature. He may perhaps suspect the existence of a still higher Being, something eternal and supreme, but he thinks that this Being regards men with indifference, and that men need not trouble themselves about His worship. The nobler pagans, on the contrary, without perhaps denying the existence of the *dii minorum gentium*, reserved their homage for what was worthy of it. It is with great truth that Shakspere puts into the mouth of the pagan, but high-minded, Arviragus, the exclamation:

> All gold and silver rather return to dirt,
> As 'tis no better reckoned, but of those
> Who worship dirty gods.[1]

[1] *Cymbeline*, iii. 6.

The false esteem of earthly things is the parent of false worship, or of the false imagination of things in Heaven Idolatry, then, with all its immoral consequences, is a crime, a sin against human nature, as well as against the Divine.

Thus far Protestants would easily go with us. Let us make then a supposition. Could we imagine a religious error, which should in no way degrade any of the Divine Attributes, surely that error would at least be free from the special guilt of idolatry. Trinitarians, denying of course that their doctrine on the Nature of God is erroneous, maintain that their worship of Three Divine Persons would have no idolatrous taint even in the Unitarian hypothesis. Those who believe the Incarnation of the Second Person, and who worship Jesus Christ as God-Man, deny the right of Socinians to call them idolaters, even if Socinianism were true. And Catholics, while of course denying that Transubstantiation is an error, may boldly challenge the logical right of those who disbelieve it, to brand it as idolatrous.

Of course, had Jesus Christ been a mere man, had He lived and died as a mere man, and were this known and recognized by His worshippers, it would certainly be idolatry to attribute to Him Divine attributes in Heaven, to praise Him with Divine titles, and to invoke Him as if Divine powers were inherent in Him. This would be like the idolatrous apotheosis of heroes and kings by the heathen of old. No Christian, however, does this. In the eyes of those who worship Jesus as God, He is not a human being who has grown into something Divine, or who is confused with what is called Divine. The majority of Christians believe that the Divine Being, clearly recognized as the sole object of supreme worship, has assumed to Himself a human nature, recognized as human. No change is

supposed by them to have happened to the Divinity, though an infinite elevation has been conferred on the Humanity; by union, not by mixture or confusion. The Socinian, on the other hand, holds that Jesus was a mere man, though an ideal or perfect man, and that the Divine Being made Himself known through the teaching and the life and death of that perfect man, but contracted no personal or hypostatic union with Him. The Socinian must therefore consider the majority of Christians as accidentally, and (as we say) materially idolaters; yet he cannot call them real idolaters. They have no idolatrous intentions. They do not by their belief in any way degrade or distort the Divine Being. Christians, who believe in the Incarnation, hold all the sublime things said of the true God in the Psalms and Prophets. They contend that the Divine perfections of power, bounty, mercy, justice, truth, wisdom, purity, long-suffering, are even better understood through the life, death, and resurrection of God Incarnate. I would defy any fair-minded, truth-seeking Socinian to read carefully such a book as Bossuet's *Elévations sur les Mystères*, and yet maintain that the belief in the Incarnation is a dishonour to the Divine Nature.

We reason then in a similar way regarding Catholic belief in the Real Presence and Transubstantiation. It in no way degrades, obscures, distorts, or disturbs, either the perfections of the Eternal God, or the knowledge of Jesus Christ, as learned from the Holy Gospels. The Catholic who adores Jesus Christ in the Blessed Sacrament, does not adore bread and wine as if united to Jesus Christ—that would be the heresy of impanation or consubstantiation which he rejects. He believes that there is no bread or wine present to be adored. The "accidents" (which alone fall under the senses) are there as a visible clothing, but

they have (practically) the same relations to our Lord's Body, as the swaddling-clothes or the winding-sheet. Supposing that all this was a mistake; that Jesus Christ was not there, and that bread and wine remained; then certainly Catholics would be mistaken; "materially" they would be idolaters, but not "formally." They have no thought of worshipping bread and wine under any conditions. I would beg of any candid and truth-seeking Protestant to acquaint himself with such books as St. Anselm's *Prayers*, or St. Alphonsus Liguori's *Visits to the Blessed Sacrament*. He will of course be startled at seeing prayers addressed to what he thinks an inanimate object, but he will remember that to the Catholic the object of those prayers is Jesus Christ, present though invisible; and he will then carefully note whether any sentiment is uttered unworthy of a Christian, any grace asked unfitted for God to grant, any conclusion drawn relaxing Christian morals, or anything attributed to God derogatory to His perfections. He will find that the Life and Death of Jesus Christ are recalled in the most affectionate way, His Divine words pondered, and the heart moved to the most perfect love and adoration in spirit and in truth.

2. RECKLESS CHARGES.

The truth of what has just been said may be made more manifest, to men of good faith and loyal hearts, by considering that those who have been bent on proving Catholics to be silly, debased, and brutalized idolaters, have never dared to weigh these clear and public facts sincerely, but have been compelled to invent charges which they should have known to be untenable and slanderous. When Milton, for instance, called Catholic communion "a banquet of cannibals," he should have known that he was

trying to excite hatred by an untruth, if not by a blasphemy. He was guilty of the same kind of scoffing, as when the Jews on the Day of Pentecost saw the effects of the Holy Ghost and said: "These men are full of new wine." Coverdale, the Reformer, thus tries to insult and ridicule the worship of Catholics: "Heaven is My seat, saith God, and the earth is My footstool, and yet will they truss Him up so short that they will bring Him into a little pix, wherein a man cannot turn his fist."[1] Now this man professed to be a worshipper of Jesus Christ, and he knew that Catholics believe Jesus Christ in Flesh and Blood to be present in the Holy Eucharist. With regard to our Lord's Human Nature, it can surely make no difference whether we count by inches or by feet. How then does his argument apply to the Incarnation? How long was the Infant Jesus when He lay in the crib? If it was a question of the Divine Nature, God has no size, and is all present everywhere. Coverdale knew this, and knew that Catholics knew it as well as he. Yet he continues: "He filleth all places, and is contained in no place; and yet will they at their pleasure place Him in the chalice." He knew that pagans might object, and did object, that Christians confined the Omnipresent God to a crib or a cross; and he knew that the answer he would have given to pagans would equally serve Catholics to answer his own scoffing. "He was never visible to the mortal eye," continues this sophist, "and yet will they make Him appear at every knave's request, that will do as other men do, I mean pay their ordinary shot; and so doing he shall not only see Him, but shall eat Him up every morsel." The man knew that Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament is even less visible than He was on earth to every wicked Jew or to every senseless dog. But Coverdale writes all this in order

[1] *Coverdale's Works*, p. 427. Parker Society.

to draw his conclusion in these words, that Catholics "make of the bread an idol of all other most to be abhorred, both for that, as they use it, it is a plain anti-christ, spoiling Christ of His victory achieved by the once offering of Himself for all; and also for that it putteth the believers thereon from the true adoration of God the Father, and maketh them to honour, for the invisible, immense, and eternal God, that visible, measurable and corruptible bread and wine." Clearly this is either the reasoning of a deist, or it is deliberate confusion of terms and misrepresentation—more probably the latter, since he concludes with this impious buffoonery: "Judge whether the devil, if he would come in the likeness of a priest, might not swallow up Christ, and so bring Him into Hell, from whence, because there is no redemption there, Christ's Body would never come, but be damned."

When the Reformers were once started by their leaders on this method of confounding the Divine and the human in the Incarnation, they vied with each other how they might work out their sophisms, to the scorn and hatred of Catholics I am loth to quote blasphemy, but it is necessary to show whence came the Declaration against Transubstantiation and what were its consequences. Here then is a specimen of what may be found in a thousand books. "The Catholics thought it possible for a creature to make the Creator, for a man unable to create the smallest particle of matter, to give being to that very Power that made the vast stupendous universe. They could see ten thousand Eucharists coined at the baker's oven and believe each to be the whole Divinity. They could follow a procession in which their supposed Almighty God was led forth upon some public calamity to implore His own mercy. An omnipresent God might according to their doctrine be confined within a glass, and He that

made the sun was to be conducted by a lanthorn. In a word, there was no absurdity which pride and avarice did not impose on imbecility."[1]

Passages such as the above make us understand what sort of men our Divine Master had in mind, when He said: "Give not that which is holy to dogs; neither cast ye your pearls before swine, lest perhaps they trample them under their feet, and turning upon you, they tear you."[2] But they also make us wonder how Protestants who believed the Gospels could read with approbation attacks on the Holy Eucharist, which might equally be directed against the Incarnation. As if Mary did not *make* her Divine Son in a fuller sense than the priest makes the Blessed Sacrament. As if the Infant Jesus was not carried in procession; or He that made the sun did not light lamp or candle when Nicodemus came to Him by night. It was certainly thoughts and words, like those I have quoted from Milton, Coverdale, and D'Aubant, that found expression in the Declaration against Transubstantiation, composed and sanctioned by the British Parliament. Even were Catholic doctrine false, such words would still be misleading, calumnious, and insolent.

3. OBJECTIONS DUE TO SPITE.

It ought to be very carefully noted that the doctrines and objections of the first Reformers were often due to spite rather than conviction, and of this we have their own frequent assurance. In no matter was this more conspicuous than in the Holy Eucharist. Though Luther defended a real presence, after a sort, he wrote to the people of

[1] Introduction by Abraham D'Aubant to the Works of William Thomas, Clerk to the Privy Council of Edward VI. (1774).
[2] St. Matt. vii. 6.

Strasburgh that "it would have been a great pleasure to him, had some good means been afforded him of denying it, because nothing could have been more agreeable to the design he had in hand of prejudicing the Papacy."[1] In writing of communion under both kinds he declares that he was influenced not by his belief in Divine institution, but by a frenzy of insubordination to the Church. "If a council did ordain or permit both kinds, in spite of the council he would take but one, or take neither one nor the other, and would curse those who should take both in virtue of such an ordinance."[2] In his book against Henry VIII., who had defended the Catholic doctrine of Transubstantiation, Luther writes: "Lest I be ungrateful to the teaching of the Lord Henry, I will now transubstantiate my own opinion, and I do it as follows: formerly I laid it down that it is of no matter whether you think of Transubstantiation in this way or in that; but now, having seen the fine reasons and arguments of this Defender of the sacraments, I decree that it is an impiety and a blasphemy, for any one to say that the bread is transubstantiated." So with regard to adoration. Luther retained the Elevation until the year 1543. When he then abolished it he still wrote in his *Little Confession* in 1544 that "it might be retained with piety, as a testimonial of the real and corporeal presence in the bread, since by this action the priest did say, 'Behold, Christians, this is the Body of Jesus Christ which was given for you.'"[3] At the same time he declares that if he attacked the Elevation, it was only out of spite to the Papacy; and if he retained it so long, it was out of spite to Carlstadt. In a word (he concludes) it should be retained when rejected as impious, and should be rejected

[1] Ep. ad Argentin. See Bossuet, *Variations*, bk. ii. c. 1.
[2] Formulary of the Mass in 1523. Ap. Bossuet, bk. ii. c. 10.
[3] Bossuet, bk. vi. c. 25.

when commanded as necessary.[1] At last, in 1545, the year before his death, he called the Eucharist "the adorable sacrament," and Calvin wrote with dismay that "by this decision Luther had raised up the idol in God's temple."[2] Time went on, and the disciples of Luther and Calvin could come to no agreement regarding the Real Presence; but as they were animated by an equal hatred of the Catholic Church, they united in denouncing Transubstantiation. So the Calvinists of France, in their synod of Charenton in 1631, declared that in the worship of the German Lutherans there was neither idolatry nor superstition; that the doctrine of the Real Presence, taken in itself, has no venom in it; that it is neither contrary to piety, nor God's honour, nor the good of mankind" (although it is untrue). This decree, as Bossuet observes, was made opportunely, for in that year, 1631, the great Gustavus was thundering in Germany, and it was currently believed that Rome itself would be soon in the power of the Lutherans. Both parties, however, were to reject Transubstantiation as impious, and external adoration as idolatry. Let them admit the presence of bread, and it mattered not whether Jesus Christ were present or absent.

In the early days the Lutherans had taught that Christ's Body should be adored because it is present; while Calvinists had admitted that it would be adorable *if only* it was present. Their later doctrine came to be that adoration was not due to the presence unless that were made visible, nor to be paid in any case unless commanded. As Bossuet remarks: "You may hear the voice of the King never so much, if you see him not with your eyes, you owe him no respect, or at least he must declare expressly it is his intention to be honoured, otherwise you should behave as in his absence." These new theologians prohibited adoration even on the

[1] *Parva Confessio*, Bossuet, bk. vii. c. 33. [2] *Ibid.* c. 34.

part of believers in the Real Presence, lest the adoration should be referred to the bread, as well as to Jesus Christ; or at least, lest some should suppose it to be so referred, and so be scandalized. To quote Bossuet once more. "When the wise men adored the Divine Infant in His crib, it was doubtless to be feared lest they should worship, together with Jesus Christ, the crib in which He lay; or at least the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph might have taken them for crib-worshippers."[1]

Some may think these references to foreign Reformers do not concern Englishmen. Yet English doctrine has been for the most part a mere echo of voices from the Continent. In the early days, when the differences between Luther and Carlstadt and Zwingle were just beginning, the Englishman Tyndale wrote to the Englishman Frith: "Of the presence of Christ's body in the sacrament meddle as little as you can, that there appear no division among us. . . I would have the right use preached, and the presence to be an indifferent thing (!) till the matter might be reasoned in peace, at leisure, of both parties. If you be required, show the phrases of the Scripture and let them talk what they will. For as to believe that God is everywhere hurteth no man that worshippeth Him nowhere but within the heart in spirit and verity; even so, to believe that the body of Christ is everywhere (though it cannot be proved) hurteth no man that worshippeth Him nowhere save in the faith of His gospel. You perceive my mind; howbeit if God show you otherwise, it is free for you to do as He moveth you."[2]

I confess that I am unable to perceive Tyndale's mind, except that, whatever should be believed, Catholic truth must be denied, and whatever should be worshipped, it must not be in union with the Catholic Church. In

[1] Bossuet, bk. xiv. c. 95—105.
[2] Foxe, *Acts and Monuments*, vol. v. p. 133.

obedience to Tyndale's admonition Frith declared in his answer to Sir Thomas More, who had brought against him the words of his friend Barnes, a follower of Luther: "If the sentence of Luther and Barnes might be holden as ratified, he would never speak more words about the Sacrament, for in that point they did both agree with him that the sacrament was not to be worshipped,[1] and *that idolatry being taken away*, he was content to permit every man to judge of the sacrament, as God should put into their hearts(!); for then there remained no more poison, that any man ought or might be afraid of."[2] Still, says this liberal-minded instructor of the Church, he does not want his negation of Transubstantiation to be made an article of faith; he wishes it "to be left indifferent for all men to judge therein, as God shall open their hearts."[3] These Reformers thought that God could open men's minds to heresies the most contradictory, and even to the Catholic doctrine; not, however, to Catholic practice; that was "poison," "venom," and "idolatry." Could it be more clear that spite and hatred, not reason or Scripture, were the mainsprings of their reform?

Let those, then, who no longer share this spite, and who deplore that it should ever have existed, hasten to put an end to that Declaration, which was its coarsest expression.

[1] On this point Luther often vacillated. Foxe, v. p. 10.
[2] *Ibid.* p. 12.

NANO NAGLE

(1728-1784)

NANO NAGLE was born at Ballygriffin, near Mallow, in the County of Cork, in the year 1728. She was descended from one of the most ancient Anglo-Norman families in Ireland; and her ancestors had for centuries played important parts in the history of their country. The most remarkable of these, Sir Richard Nagle, was Secretary of State to James II., and Speaker of the Irish House of Commons. On the day of the battle of the Boyne, he waited in Dublin to hear its result, and went to meet the unfortunate monarch on his arrival. When the Council met, Sir Richard was one of those who pressed his Majesty to fly to France rather than take the chance of falling into the hands of his enemies. The King did fly to France, and Sir Richard threw in his fortunes with those of his royal master. He forfeited his estates of five thousand acres, followed the King, and became his Secretary of State at the court of St. Germains.

It was not, however, from her paternal ancestors that the family of Nano Nagle derived its principal distinction. Her mother was one of the Mathews of Thomastown, to which family Theobald Mathew belonged; and thus the Foundress of the Presentation Order was a near relative to the Apostle of Temperance. Her aunt, moreover, married Richard Burke, a Dublin solicitor, and her son was Edmund Burke, the friend of Johnson, the political philosopher, the impugner of Warren Hastings: it was

at a hedge-school near Nano Nagle's home that he who was destined to make Westminster Hall resound with his eloquence, received his first lessons. The family which gave to the world Theobald Mathew, Edmund Burke, and Nano Nagle need not go back to the Council Chamber of James II. to prove its claim to honour and distinction.

Nano could receive no more than the rudiments of education at home, and her future training was a difficulty, for her parents were Catholics of gentle blood. The statutes of William and Mary were strict in the matter of forbidding Catholics to educate their children at home, and equally strict in forbidding them to send them abroad for the same purpose. Nevertheless Nano did go abroad to complete her education, though it was at the risk, in the terms of the statute, of incurring "disability to sue in law or equity, or to be guardian, executor, or administrator, to take legacy or deed of gift, or to bear office," and at the risk of "forfeiting lands for life."

Nano Nagle's life in Paris was not without its element of romance. When her school-life—of which but little is known—was over, her education was not thought complete; and she had to remain in Paris to be introduced in society, and acquire that degree of culture which was considered suitable to her position. Her admission to good society was no difficult matter, for the best salons were crowded with Irish nobles; the most welcome guests at the reunions of Louis XV. were the courtiers of St. Germains, and among these were to be found the descendants of Sir Richard Nagle, and the cousins of Nano. But however brilliant this society, it was eminently calculated to try the virtue of a young girl who had been brought up in a country place in Ireland, and educated in a French convent. Louis XV. was king, and Madame de Pompadour was at the zenith of her power: so great was her influence, that even the queen, the virtuous Maria Leczinska, was forced to

conciliate her, and address her as "*ma bonne cousine.*" We are told that "she encouraged the arts, gave the law to fashion, and was the special protectress of the school of Voltaire."

Nano was, in fact, surrounded by a thousand dangers. She was of an ardent temperament, and, as we are told, very beautiful. She threw herself, moreover, with all her heart into the amusements which the gay city afforded her; and her life was a round of unceasing pleasure. Night after night was she to be found in the stateliest drawing-rooms, flitting among the dancers, and she could dress as well as any of the gayest court ladies at Versailles. It is no small tribute to Nano Nagle to say that she kept her soul unsullied in the midst of her corrupt surroundings. Had she married in Paris, and died the wife of a French noble, her children might have had engraved on her monument, as the highest praise, that she had remained pure amidst the pollutions of the court of Louis XV. This does not detract from her merit when she closed her eyes to the glittering vanities of the French capital, and surrendered her chances of a noble alliance to immolate herself for the spiritual good of her fellow-countrymen.

A very slight incident was destined to change the course of Nano Nagle's life. Early one morning she was driving home after a night spent at a ball, and while her chaperone slept wearily by her side she kept her eyes fixed vacantly on the streets through which the carriage rolled. But few people were abroad, but at length a small crowd attracted her attention. They were poorly clad, and looked like labourers ready for their day's work. She soon saw what it was that had brought them together. The big gate of the church outside which they stood was still locked, and inside was the abode of the King of kings, to whom they had come in the early morning to pay homage. She at once contrasted their life and hers. They, doubtless, had spent the night cooped up in miserable rooms, whence

they had issued—the women to spend their day in the kitchens and sculleries of the city, and the men to labour in the streets, attend in the shops, or run with messages from house to house. And she? She would return to her luxurious home, sleep half the day, spend an hour or two under the hands of her maid, and go out again into society when night came round. We need not pursue any further the contrast which she drew; enough that it did its work. The bright salons of Paris would know her no more; never again would a smile be brought to her lips by the flattering compliments of the courtiers of Versailles.

To return to Ireland was now her obvious course. Her education was complete, and a further stay in Paris could serve no purpose but to add some attractive charms to her, for, to use her own words, she had always been a lover of dress and of vanities. Her dull home at Ballygriffin, with its lonely evenings and tame amusements, must have made a gloomy picture to her imagination when placed side by side with the magnificent ball-rooms, with their glare of lights and their music and dancers, to which she had been accustomed. But the reign of vanity was over; and solitude was now more acceptable to her than could have been the most thronged room and the gayest company in Paris.

Her return to Ireland had much to do with deciding her future life, for till now she had made no fixed resolution, and her only thought was to tear herself from the frivolities which had had such an attraction for her. The sight of the waiting crowd outside the church gate had driven her to no hasty conclusions, and the outlines of her future life were still but dimly seen by her. Her only definite wish was to do all she could do to save her own soul, and assist in saving the souls of others. Her stay at her father's house showed her one way of putting this resolution into practice. While going about among his tenants, she saw where her duty lay. These people were, it is true, Catholics, but superstition had

almost driven out religion. She questioned them about God and their salvation, and, to quote the words of Bishop Coppinger of Cloyne, "how afflicted was she to perceive that these poor creatures were almost absolute strangers to everything she questioned them about. . . . They put error in the place of truth, and while they kept up an attachment to certain exterior observances, they were totally devoid of the spirit of religion. Their fervour was superstitious, their faith was erroneous, their hope was presumptuous, and they had no charity."

It was no wonder that the Irish Catholics were in such a lamentable state. They were only what those who framed the penal statutes had meant to make them. Catholics were forbidden, under a penalty of £20 and three months' imprisonment, to teach in any Catholic school; and they were equally forbidden, under pain of incurring various disabilities, to send their children abroad to be educated. Edmund Burke designated the war waged against the intellects of the Irish Catholics as "the worst species of tyranny that the perverseness of mankind ever dared to exercise." Under circumstances such as these it is not hard to account for the fact that Nano Nagle found her father's tenants sunk in immorality and hardened in crime, without any idea of remorse.

She soon, however, gave up her intention of remaining in Ireland. During her intercourse with the poor there, she had tried to impart to them some knowledge of God and of their religion, and to instil into them some idea of a future life. But all her efforts had been in vain, for they were too immersed in ignorance and superstition for her to make any impression on them. She had made up her mind to devote her life to the salvation of souls, but she came to the conclusion that she could do nothing in Ireland single-handed; therefore, she argued, Ireland was not the place for her.

She next resolved to return to France and enter a convent there; but Providence had a different life in store for Nano Nagle from that of the cloister. She was

pursued across the Channel by the memory of the sad condition of the people she had left behind her, sitting, as it were, "in darkness and the shadow of death," and she seemed almost to hear the voice which St. Patrick had heard of old, saying to her: "Return and walk still among us." When she landed in France it was not, therefore, for a convent that she sought, but for a director to advise her as to whether she should enter religion. She laid bare all her desires and intentions to the Jesuit father whose counsel she sought, relating to him both the compassion she felt for the poor Irish, and the intention she had formed of becoming a nun in France. The point to be decided was whether she should carry out this last resolve, or whether she should return to Ireland and do her best to rescue the poor there from the shades of ignorance and death which surrounded them. The priest's decision was in favour of work in Ireland, and several other confessors whom she consulted confirmed his decision. Nano had left her home well-nigh broken-hearted and discouraged by what she considered the impossibility of the work, but now she returned to Ireland, never more to be shaken in her courage, and determined to sacrifice her life, if necessary, to the work she was about to undertake.

Cork was the first city in Ireland to which Miss Nagle turned her atttention. At the time it rivalled Dublin in its commerce, and in a letter to Miss Fitzsimons she describes it as "a place of great trade." Dr. Smith, the historian of Cork, states that a hundred thousand head of cattle were slaughtered there every year, being destined principally for the consumption of the Royal Navy; and writing in 1775, Dr. Campbell says: "Except in the article of linen, its exports are more considerable than those of Dublin." Then, as now, its export in butter was one of the largest in Ireland. At that time only vessels of a hundred tons burthen could come up the river, and canals had to be made all over

the city, the ground on which now stand Patrick Street and the Grand Parade and the South Wall being then covered with water.

The working population of Cork at that period presented many attractions to the zeal of Nano Nagle. The various branches of trade and commerce for which Cork was noted had gathered within its walls as numerous and uncivilized a crowd as could be found inside any Irish city. The exportation of meat brought thousands of butchers and salters, the linen industry gave employment to many weavers, and the butter exportation employed as many more. Though the vessels which plyed between Cork and the city were very small, they could go up the river as far as Cork, and the number of hands employed on them must have been considerable. But with this multitude of butchers, salters, weavers, and sailors, there were only a few priests in the town, and only one chapel, in Blackamoor's Lane, planted down in the middle of salthouses and stables; in a loft over this church a few Franciscans contrived to exist, surrounded by hardships and troubles.

It was no marvel—as is shown by contemporary newspaper reports—that a very low code of morality prevailed among the lower classes. Many, despite the wealth of the city, were suffering severely from want; and exports to the value of thousands of pounds were leaving Cork under the eyes of those who were literally starving. What wonder that there should be discontent, or that it should take a reprehensible form? Some of the more prosperous inhabitants obtained their linen from Dublin, to the detriment of the local trade; and the Cork tradesmen expressed their resentment in a somewhat forcible way by sprinkling the clothes of the offenders with *aqua fortis*, to which they applied a match, and then calmly awaited the result. To show their disapproval of the enormous exportation, a crowd of butchers and weavers, armed with hatchets and long knives, marched

through the city, breaking into the merchants' store-houses, and making a bonfire of all the provision baskets on which they could lay hands.

Nor were their amusements much more civilized than their vengeance. Tuckey's *Cork Remembrancer* for June, 1770, gives an instance of this. A crowd of "inhuman savages," as the *Remembrancer* calls them, seized a bull from one of the immense herds which entered the city, and having infuriated him, drove him through the streets. Shopkeepers put up their shutters when they saw the mad beast making for their windows; passers-by were flung into the air, a decrepit beggar was thrown into a kennel, and a horse was tossed as high as a sign-post, the bull being eventually killed in one of the narrow lanes of the city.

Brandy and wine were cheap, and Father Mathew had not yet come on the scene. Thus a Cork gentleman, writing in 1778, says that he regarded a sedan chair as a heaven-sent contrivance for the conveyance of those who could not stand on their feet. There were many clubs in Cork; but the term conveyed a very different idea from what it does now. No tables were there, strewn with literature and newspapers; no lectures on scientific or other subjects; for in Cork the clubs were devoted solely to the worship of Bacchus!

Nano Nagle soon began her work of reformation. Her first desire was to establish a school for poor children; but an obstacle met her at the very outset. She was at the time staying with her brother in Cork. He might have suffered much from the anger of the Protestants, so that she thought it well to conceal her designs from him, and had at the first start to carry on her work through her maid. By this means a school was started with a mistress and thirty girls, and Miss Nagle used to steal out to look after it quite early in the morning, when her brother thought that she was at church. But her secret soon leaked out, for one day a man came to ask Mr. Nagle to use his influence with his sister on behalf of a

little girl. The brother laughed at the very idea of his sister's being connected in any way with a school; and when Miss Nagle acknowledged the truth of the man's statement, rage took the place of his merriment. But he soon came round, and not only forgave his sister, but determined to sacrifice whatever worldly interests of his were at stake, and throw himself into the cause of charity. Nano had an uncle whom she feared to injure, for she believed that there was no man in all Ireland more hated by the Protestants. He, however, had no fears for himself, and as soon as he knew of his niece's needs he placed his purse at her disposal, to keep a roof over the heads of the poor children who began to flock to her school from the lanes and quays of the city of Cork.

The work made rapid progress. Nine months after the opening of the school, two hundred girls could be seen morning after morning, with their books and baskets, making their way to it. Soon the respectable Catholics at the other end of the town perceived what an improvement had taken place in the manners of the children who attended the school, and began to think that the children who were running wild round their own doors, and whose cries were always heard in the streets, might with advantage to themselves and to others spend their days indoors. Miss Nagle was in consequence asked to do for these what she had already done for the children at the other end of the town, and promises from the wealthier inhabitants were forthcoming to do what they could to make the venture a success. In a short time there were two hundred children attending this second school. On her uncle's death all his property fell to Nano, and she had but one use for the money, every penny of which was spent in support of her schools for the poor children of Cork. Providence blessed her undertaking so that, writing in July, 1769, to her friend Miss Fitzsimons, she was able to state that there were in Cork five schools for girls and two for boys, all of which were in a most flourishing condition.

But her schools were not Miss Nagle's only works of charity. It has been shown how, in spite of the wealth and prosperity of the city, many of its inhabitants were in a state of the most abject poverty, some being actually starving, and many of the children without clothes in which to go to school. Most of the poor were beyond the reach of the few priests of Cork, and numbers were lying ill in dark garrets which had never been visited by a doctor. Miss Nagle made it her business to search throughout the lanes and quays of the city for such as these, and to visit those parts of Cork with such an object was an act of heroism. It was not very safe to walk through even the better streets, for the Corporation was too busy watching papist priests and papist teachers to look after the comfort and safety of the citizens. Lime was screened in the public ways, and the pathways were blocked with heaps of rubbish. One of the papers of that day says: "If the traveller be not run over by one of the cars which whirl along with lightning rapidity, he may felicitate himself on his return home." It was, of course, worse at night. "To survive a night walk," says the *Cork Mercantile Chronicle* of April 3, 1805, "is to become a matter of family thanksgiving." These words referred to the principal streets, so the state of the by-ways must be left to the imagination. But no dangers or disagreeables deterred Miss Nagle in her perambulations, and the older inhabitants used to love to speak of that familiar figure walking along in the rain and darkness on winter nights, guided only by the glimmer of the lamp which she held in her hand; they described how the ribald laugh and joke were hushed at her approach, and how the most hardened ruffians would stand aside and bare their heads respectfully whilst she passed.

The time was now at hand when Nano Nagle was to take that part in the restoration of Catholicity which makes her life so interesting to us at the present day. So far her schools depended entirely on herself, and her

own income, and whatever funds she could obtain by begging were her only sources of revenue. This being so, anyone could foresee that in time the poor of Cork would return to a darkness greater than ever; for the result of her efforts would be but as a flash of lightning, to shine for a moment and disappear forever with her death. Some means were necessary to perpetuate her work, and none saw this clearer than herself. She took counsel with Father Doran, a Jesuit, and with the Rev. Francis Moylan, her intimate friend, afterwards Bishop of Cork. They prayed for light, and came to the conclusion that a religious order would be the best instrument for such a work. Furthermore, the order selected by them was that of St. Ursula, founded in the sixteenth century by St. Angela de Merici, for the main object of the education of girls.

There were, however, many difficulties in the way of obtaining the assistance of this Order; for Ireland was not at that time a very inviting field for the labours of any religious. It is true that a few convents did exist in the island, but even these few were not settled places of abode. The Poor Clares had started a house in Dublin in 1628, but they had been driven out of the capital to Athlone, thence to Galway, and again from Galway to Harold's Cross, where they were allowed to settle. It would have been extraordinary if, in the face of such experiences, Miss Nagle's appeal to the Ursulines of France had met with an enthusiastic response. In Ireland success was very uncertain, while persecution and troubles were certain; and, moreover, a thousand ties bound the French nuns to their own convents. But God's arm is never shortened. Four young Irish ladies, resident in France, offered themselves to the Ursulines for work in Ireland. The first of these, Miss Fitzsimons, had intended to enter the Order of the Visitation, but Dr. Moylan having pleaded the cause of the new foundation, she placed herself in the hands of the superioress of the Ursulines in the Rue St. Jacques,

to prepare for the Irish Mission. Miss Coppinger, a cousin of the Duchess of Norfolk, was induced by Miss Nagle herself to join Miss Fitzsimons as a second candidate for the Cork Mission. A third, Miss Kavanagh, related to Miss Coppinger, had already made up her mind to be a nun, and on meeting her cousin was persuaded to throw in her lot with those who had resolved to brave the difficulties of work in Ireland.

Miss Nagle was not behind the age in the matter of education. Whilst strenuously seeking to obtain candidates for the new foundation, she was definite in her views as to the essential requisites for one destined to be a *teacher*. It was not in her opinion sufficient that she should be pious, but she must also be learned. These two—virtue and ability—were the qualifications on which she insisted, and she took the utmost care that the nuns who offered themselves for the Irish mission should be well prepared to hold their own in the battle of education. Whatever tended to cultivate their minds, whatever was calculated to make them a credit, intellectually, to their profession, was to be obtained at whatever cost. "If," she wrote to the French superior, "it would be permitted to have anybody to teach them what you think might be hereafter an advantage to the house, do not spare any expense." In another letter she expresses a strong desire that the sisters "should learn what was proper to teach young ladies hereafter." Nano Nagle gave similar instructions to Miss Fitzsimons, the senior of the Irish candidates, for she was persuaded that secular learning came only second to religion, and this persuasion of hers has had a lasting effect on the Ursulines of Ireland. They have been moulded upon her ideas, and year after year the fruitful results of her anxiety on the subject have been shown, for the names of students at the Ursuline convents have become familiar on the lists of the Royal University. Miss Nagle would have done a good life's work had she done nothing more than give to Ireland this noble band of

teachers who, in spite of adversity and prejudice, have made their way to the front ranks in the matter of the education of women.

Another trial of patience was in store for Nano Nagle. When everything was ready for the reception of the Irish sisters, Dr. Moylan agreed to go to Paris to escort them over. But his journey was postponed for some little time. His brother had died a short time before, and now, just as he was on the point of starting, his sister-in-law followed her husband to the grave; and his father was too old and frail to be left alone after all this trouble. Thus Dr. Moylan put off his visit to Paris for some months, and when he did at length arrive there he found his path beset with unexpected obstacles. None of the four young ladies had been professed, and it was found to be distinctly against the constitutions of the Ursuline Order to found a new convent without at least one professed sister. The prospect of the Irish mission looked as dark and forbidding as ever to the French nuns, and the gloom increased when it became clear that not one among the most zealously missionary people in the world could be induced to venture out into the darkness. At length, an Irish nun, a Mrs. Kelly, professed sister at the convent at Dieppe, was found to take the risk, and offered to accompany the novices to Ireland. On Ascension Day, May 9, 1771, the little band landed at Cork, and on the 18th of September following, the first convent in Ireland since the Reformation, established with no attempt to conceal its real nature and object, was opened.

The Corporation of Cork was quick to take alarm. All Irish Protestants were bigoted in those days, but to say that this Corporation was bigoted would be to use too weak an expression. Its members had always regarded themselves as the guardians of what they called the liberties of their province; in other words, their mission in life was to uphold Protestantism, and keep a Protestant king upon the throne of England. Moreover,

in their opposition to Catholicism they had other objects in view, which no one could pretend to be religious. The "fathers of the city" were merchants, and their most formidable rivals were Catholics; for out of the eight thousand families in Cork upward of five thousand were belonging to the Church. The most elegant carriages in the city, the largest storehouses on Charlotte quay, the busiest vessels on the river belonged to Catholics. The gentlemen of the Corporation beheld all this with envious eyes. The public affairs of the town had never been an object of much anxiety to them; people were trampled on in the streets, public peace was almost a thing of the past; but details such as these did not trouble the members of the Corporation. Now, however, little papists were about to go to school! What next? Stout aldermen trembled as they conjured up terrible visions of the future, of papists penetrating even within the halo of light which surrounded the Council Chamber, entering that region of inaccessible light, and taking their seats with the municipality of the city of Cork.

The Corporation held a meeting, at which was read the statute of William III. which obliged the mayor and magistrates to have all nuns removed, and their nunneries suppressed; failing the fulfilment of which duty they were liable to a fine of £100. Speeches were delivered by the aldermen, who pointed out that the position was a dangerous one, that Protestantism was slipping away, that the papists were growing bolder every day, and that the late encroachment was especially a serious menace to the Protestant ascendancy. It is quite likely that Miss Fitzsimons and her companions might have been sent back to France next day had there not been—as Dr. Hatch, Miss Nagle's biographer tells us—one sane man on that council of bigots. Alderman Francis Carleton did his best to soothe the fears of his friends. He threw ridicule on the idea that the Protestant ascendancy was in any danger, for he could not conceive

the British Constitution being shaken to its centre by a few ladies who had come to Cork "to teach poor children, drink tea, and say their prayers." He assured them that the statute of William III. had become a dead letter, and that the magistrates could never be expected to discharge a duty such as was suggested against a portion of the community as numerous and influential as were the Catholics. He moreover pointed out that there was plenty of room for improvement in the morals of the lower classes in the city, and appealed to his colleagues as business men to decide whether it would not be better to keep in the country money which would otherwise be spent in Paris or at Dieppe. The councillors yielded to his eloquence; but it was not for years after this meeting that the Ursulines ventured to wear their religious habit in Cork.

The greatest blow to Miss Nagle was her disappointment in the Ursulines themselves. As has been shown, her life was devoted entirely to the poor, and all her efforts were directed to their relief. For the poor had she established her schools; and it was for their sake that she had ventured into every slum and alley in the place. It was in the homes of the poor that her work chiefly lay, and it was to perpetuate this work that she had introduced a religious order into Ireland. That Order had been intended by her to take up its post in the schools and homes of the poor. But, far from able to do this, the Ursuline nuns were bound to enclosure, were never allowed to pass the limits of their convent, and the principal object of their rule was the education, not of the poor, but of the rich. In fact, the scope of the Ursuline Order did not include either of the works most dear to Nano Nagle's heart.

The Ursulines must not be censured on this account. Their object is the education of the higher classes of those who are destined to grace the drawing-room, take their place in fashionable society, and encounter all the dangers peculiar to such a sphere. For this class the facilities

for education are daily becoming greater, for the universities are thrown open to them, degrees are conferred, and no fine lady considers it an insult to be called a scholar ; nevertheless, the most important item is neglected in this system of higher education, for religious knowledge is not essential to an examination for a degree. Thus, religious instruction is not always insisted on in high-schools for ladies, and it is probable that these often know more about the sciences than they do about the commandments. To remedy this is the main object of the Ursuline Order. The formation of a Christian womanhood is their primary aim, every branch of secular knowledge and every graceful accomplishment which serves to perfect and ornament coming only second. Their system of blending religious instruction with secular learning has, even from a worldly point of view, been a success, for they have proved conclusively that proficiency in the one is of no detriment to the other ; and those interested in education in Ireland have come to look as a matter of course for the names of the Ursulines' pupils in the lists of the higher university examinations. The practical result of their system of training is not merely the formation of good wives and mothers, who raise the moral tone of the society in which they move, who keep their husbands on the path to heaven and who teach their children to raise their hearts to God ; for there is even a higher work which they accomplish. It is while under the care of these nuns, and as a result of their training, that the ears of many a young maiden are opened to the voice of the Bridegroom, which says to them :—"Go out from thy parents and from thy father's house." Year after year do pupils leave the Ursuline schools, not to go back to the world, but to recruit the ranks of the Orders of the Presentation, Visitation, or others of a like nature.

To an Order with such an object and such a work no one would deny an important place in the economy of the Church. Nevertheless, Miss Nagle was dissatisfied.

Her work was no more complete nor assured than it had been, and she found that after all her efforts she had made no provision for the wants of the poor of Cork. When death took her from them, the miserable garrets, which seemed to serve no purpose except to conceal the poverty and suffering of their inhabitants, would have no charitable visitor to penetrate their secrets; distress and want would have no advocate. No wonder that the head of Nano Nagle was bowed with thought as such a state of things presented itself to her mind; and she at once sought how she could apply a remedy to the need, nor had she far to seek.

About this time two young ladies of her acquaintance offered to help her in the work she had so much at heart; and this fully decided her in the course she meant to adopt. With these two she determined to form the nucleus of a new congregation, the members of which should devote themselves entirely to the service of the poor. On the 25th of January, 1775, her friends retired with her to a humble house in Douglas Street, the same in which the Ursulines had dwelt while their convent was in preparation. On the 29th of June she herself received the habit of the new congregation she had formed, taking in religion the name of John of God. One of her companions, Miss Fouky, took the name of Sister Joseph, while two others who had joined her, Miss Elizabeth Burke and Miss Anne Collins, took respectively the names of Augustine and Angela. On Christmas Day, 1777, the new convent, built for the Congregation, was opened, and on that day Miss Nagle invited fifty poor beggars to dinner, and waited on them herself with the help of her companions. It was a fitting beginning for an Order, the members of which were to be so closely connected with the poor, and the habit of which, and the convent in which the sisters dwelt, were to be a constant reminder to the citizens of Cork of those words of Our Lord's: "The poor you have always with you."

The rule was given to Miss Nagle and her companions by the Curé of St. Sulpice. She had at first been anxious to adopt the rule of a French Order known by the name of the Grey Sisters; but when she studied it more closely she found that it would be unsuitable to her purpose. Those nuns had to fast half the year, and had the office of Our Lady and many other prayers to recite every day; and Nano saw plainly that such a rule would be impracticable for Sisters who had to spend most of their time in the schools, and the remainder in the homes of the poor. Dr. Moylan then wrote for her to the superioress of another religious body known as the Hospitallers of the Brothers of Villeneuve. She would have at once sent him a copy of their rules, but this was forbidden by the Superior-General of the Order. Nevertheless, she was able to give him some idea of the objects of the Order, and the direction taken by the labours of the nuns. It appeared that they took care of the sick, looked after old men and women, and assisted in the education of young ladies of distinction. The superioress added that the work in which she herself found most consolation was that of visiting and instructing prisoners. The Curé of St. Sulpice, who had formerly been Superior-General of the Order, now drew up a new rule for Miss Nagle and her companions, based upon that of the Hospitallers, but in which no solemn vows were to be taken.

On the 24th of June, 1777, Mother Nagle with Sisters Collins, Burke, and Fouky pronounced their simple vows in the presence of Dr. Butler, Bishop of Cork. The Order was still in its youth, but it was destined for great things, and would ere long be the subject of a papal brief. The time was, moreover, at hand when other Bishops would be eager to hear pronounced in their presence those vows which Nano Nagle and her companions took that day before the Bishop of Cork. This extension of sphere and influence lay before the Order of the Presentation; nevertheless a painful

period was to intervene between its foundation and its full development.

Miss Nagle did not live to see the growth of her Congregation. Although not fifty-six years of age when she died, death could hardly in her case be called premature; for if anyone "fulfilled a long space in a short time," it was she. Labour, disappointment, and anxiety had made her their prey, and had begun to put in their claim on her while she was still young. She had returned from school to her own country only to see how thoroughly the penal laws had done their work, how effectually they had accomplished the degradation of her countrymen. She had asked them about their religion, and had found that she might as well have spoken to the natives of Africa. She had gone back to France to shelter herself in the cloister from the dangers of the world, and looked forward to ending her days in the peace and seclusion of a French convent. But that desire had to be renounced, for the voice of God told her through her confessor that this happiness was not for her, and that Ireland, the land of persecution, the country so effectually despoiled by William and Anne, was the post destined by heaven for her. So she had returned to Ireland, established her schools, and braved the indignation of her brother. She had by dint of labour arranged for the introduction into her native country of the Ursulines, she had sought for and found novices, and had had them, as she hoped, educated and trained in every way for the work. But when they had crossed the Channel she found that she had aimed above the mark, and that after all the Ursulines were never destined for the education of the poor. All through her labours for the spiritual wants of Ireland she had been, as it were, marching up hill, and then turning back and marching down again. She had had, after this disappointment, to begin anew, and look for fresh postulants, and obtain the Bishop's approbation for what might turn out to be another failure. It was only after thirty years of labour

that the object of her life was attained, and her work for the welfare of the poor of Cork placed on a sure basis.

Disappointment was only one ingredient in Nano's cup, for her health caused her much suffering. When writing to Miss Fitzsimons in 1769, we find her even then complaining of the weakness in her chest, and spitting of blood. It is not hard to account for this last symptom, which she took the greatest care to conceal from those around her, though it was eventually the cause of her death. Her work of teaching, her journeys from school to school, her excursions, by night and by day, into the slums of Cork, would have tried a stronger constitution than hers. When preparing children for their first Communion she would speak for upwards of four hours every day. She gave daily instructions during Lent, and on the Monday and Tuesday of her last Holy Week on earth she read the Passion three times at different schools. As has been already shown, the roads about Cork were never properly looked after by the city fathers, yet Nano Nagle, on her way to and fro between her home and the miserable abodes of which disease, poverty, and wretchedness of every kind were the tenants, had to make her way along the worst of the streets, regardless of rain and darkness.

All these labours would of themselves have been but dry bones unless animated by her charity. A letter of Miss Fitzsimons, in which she describes the devotion and austerities of her Mother, reads like a page from the lives of the Saints. She fasted on bread and water every Wednesday and Friday, she took the discipline four times a week, and on the night of the last Holy Thursday which she spent in this life, she passed eleven hours kneeling before the Blessed Sacrament. Every day of her life she spent four hours in prayer. Her sisters saw all this, but they never knew how much it cost her. They could all see her absorbed in prayer on that last Holy Thursday, but what they did not know was that her knees were pierced with ulcers. Kneeling

even on a soft cushion would have caused torture under those circumstances, but it never occurred to anyone who beheld her motionless figure that she was enduring agonies of pain.

For years she had been declining in health, but the end itself was sudden. She was caught in a heavy rain on her way to the schools, and remained wet through all day. Next morning she was seized with violent spitting of blood at a house where she was having breakfast. The lady of the house urged her to return home at once and go to bed. "What a coward you are!" was Nano Nagle's reply; "I have a mind to go to the schools and walk it off as I have often done before." Yes, she had often walked it off, but that remedy would not do this time. The doctor was called in, and she was bled, blistered, and bled a second time. All in vain! Worse symptoms set in, and she received the last sacraments. This was only seven hours before her death. She expired on Monday, the 20th of April, 1784, in the fifty-sixth year of her age. The treasure she bequeathed to her children was the same which St. Lawrence pointed out to the Roman tyrant as the riches of the Church, namely the poor of Jesus Christ. Her last words were those which the aged St. John had been so fond of repeating at Ephesus. "Love one another," she said to her companions as her parting bequest, "as you have hitherto done."

It was only after the death of the foundress that the congregation developed fully, and the mother's hopes were realized only in her children. The daughters of Nano Nagle became as well known in the purlieus of the city as their mother had been before them. The face of Cork was changed. Now, when a priest came to pay his last visit to a dying person, he found the candles lighted, the holy water ready, and everything as well prepared as if Nano herself were still at work. Moreover, the crowds of children flocking daily to school told as plainly as words could have done that there was still someone left

to keep alive the sacred flame which Nano Nagle had enkindled, and which bigots had vainly tried to extinguish. Other Irish bishops became anxious to possess in their dioceses the treasure hitherto confined to that of Cork. They saw the community growing in size and importance, and appealed to Dr. Moylan—lately appointed to the See of Cork—to send to their flocks some of those nurses and teachers who had done such a great work in his own diocese.

Something further had, however, to be done before such an extension of the Order could take place. Hitherto it had existed only by episcopal sanction, and Dr. Moylan considered it necessary, before the Congregation spread itself over other parts of Ireland, to procure for it the approbation of the Supreme Pontiff, and accordingly wrote to Rome for that purpose. The Pope rejoiced at receiving such a request. At that time and in every part of Europe the very mention of either convent or monastery was sufficient to render men furious, yet in Ireland a new society of religious was being formed. "More grateful or more seasonable intelligence we could not receive," said Pius VII., in his reply to Dr. Moylan. Nor did he neglect to give to the new Congregation some incentive to work by "giving and granting to it all the same indulgences and spiritual graces granted by his predecessors to the religious of St. Ursula." The result of the papal confirmation and apostolic benediction soon became apparent, for in the course of the next nine years six new convents were established in Ireland; and when Dr. Moylan had to apply to Rome for a further favour for the Congregation, it was no longer in his own name only that he spoke, but in that of all the Archbishops and Bishops of Ireland.

This new request was to the effect that the Institute of the Presentation should be raised to the rank of a religious order, and its sisters be allowed to take solemn vows. This request was not easily granted, for the Pope

was not accustomed to admit communities of women to solemn vows unless they observed the law of enclosure. This meant that they were "never by any means to pass the limits of the monastery except for the most weighty reasons expressed in the constitutions and sanctioned by canon law"; and if this were observed the Presentation nuns could never leave their convent, and their foundress's desire that they should be as much at home in the houses of the poor as in the cloister, and that their proper place should be either by the side of a sick-bed or in the schools, would be nullified. The rule of visitation must be abandoned, or the Congregation could never become a religious order. The Bishops saw the dilemma, and consented to remove the rule; and after this concession compliance to their request followed soon. The brief of Pius VII., dated the 8th of April, 1808, declared the Presentation Institute a religious order, and gave its members permission "to be freely admitted to the solemn profession of the usual religious vows, to which a fourth was added, namely, the education and instruction of young girls, especially the poor, in the precepts and rules of the Catholic Faith," the obligation of visiting the sick being disposed of.

To see the full effect of Nano Nagle's work, seas must be crossed and continents traversed. If, as Dr. Hutch, Miss Nagle's biographer, affirms, the destiny of the Irish race be "to plant the standard of Catholicity wherever the English tongue is spoken," it is the destiny of the Presentation to prepare at least a portion of the Irish race for that noble mission. It is ceaselessly engaged in apostolic work by impressing the truths of Christianity on its subjects, one fourth, at least, of whom are destined to spend their lives in Australia. Thus are the seeds of religion and religious knowledge taken to a new continent, to be planted there in the hearts of husbands and children, and wafted by the winds of example into the minds and souls of those among whom they move. Nor are the Presentation Sisters satisfied with this. Wherever the scattered members of the Irish race have found a

home, they have thought it their duty to follow; and in whatever country Irish people and Irish priests have built a church, there in their wake do we find the Presentation nuns, even as we find nurses in the wake of an army.

Within sixty years of the foundation of the Order, Nano Nagle's daughters had opened a school in a slaughter-house in Newfoundland, and others were trying to teach the little children of the gold-diggers in California that gold is not the one thing necessary. Some others were holding a night-school for factory girls in Manchester, while five sisters had set out from Kildare, the home of St. Brigid, to look after the Irish whom she had loved in their far-away home in the Antipodes, and had left the "Hill of the Oak, to dwell beneath the rays of the Southern Cross." The work in which they are engaged is everywhere the same—that of teaching. But they never forget the especial mission entrusted to them by the brief of the Supreme Pontiff, namely that of "educating and instructing young girls, and especially the poor, in the precepts and rules of the Catholic Faith." This is the one great duty of every Presentation nun in whatever part of the world her lot may be cast, whether in Ireland, England, America, or Australia, in Cork or in Manchester, in New York or in San Francisco, in Melbourne or in Wagga-Wagga.

The story of Nano Nagle is not without its moral for us at the present day. She is a witness and an example; for her life is a testimony to the importance of Catholic education, and it is an example of what a Catholic can do in the face of prejudice, opposition, and discouragement. Her brother's expostulations, her uncle's danger, the loss of her own fortune, the threats of the Cork Corporation, the dark forest of ignorance into which she had to plunge, might have made another woman pause, but not Nano Nagle. On she went; and wherever Catholic education flourishes, whether in Ireland or England, we should ever gratefully remember that it is but the crown of that edifice, the laying of the foundations of which were her life-work.

THE HELP OF THE LAITY

By the Rev. JOHN NORRIS[1]

Every age has its own ways, its own difficulties and dangers, its peculiarities of thought and of action, its special advantages and possibilities; and this age of ours, this end of a century which we love to call great, is no exception, is not different from others. What our peculiarities are, we may leave our successors to say; of our advantages it is perhaps scarcely modest to speak; while a consideration of our difficulties and dangers may be very useful. Not that I am going to attempt to discuss or even enumerate all our difficulties and dangers—he would be a bold man who would venture to do anything of the kind: my purpose is a much humbler one, viz., to point out one or two sources from which flow many of the dangers and difficulties that beset the Church and her cause in our day, and to suggest for consideration and discussion what may possibly be remedies, or at any rate alleviations, of the weaknesses and drawbacks we are conscious of in our midst.

Looking back through the pages of history till we come to the obscure times that are hidden in the twilight of fable, we read of a golden age, a silver age, an iron

[1] A Paper read at the Catholic Conference, 1900.

age; later on we come to an age of chivalry, an age of reform, an age of adventure; and if we may give a name to our own age, we shall not be far wrong if we call it the age of industrial enterprise. Industry has taken possession of the land, and has evolved a system so perfect, so exacting, so comprehensive, that no man, if he will live, can escape being drawn into it and having his whole being, his thoughts, his actions, his aims, his ambitions, and even his leisure and pleasures, I will not say ruled, but certainly much modified and affected by it. No man can stand idle and live; no man may stand by and merely look on. Sooner or later the great industrial system that has gradually been set up amongst us draws every man within its influence, and, whether he will or no, carries him along in that great stream of humanity that passes through life beneath the tyrannous banner of industry. Industry is our king; that we are industrious is our pride; to seek for new fields of industry is our object: and we are never weary of pointing out the results of our industrial activity and expressing our pity, sometimes even our contempt, for nations who show no such reverence for industry as we do. I am not, of course, saying this either by way of praise or blame; I am only stating a fact, and a fact which is patent for everyone to see. Industrial activity, industrial enterprise, industrial ability, our industrial system—these occupy the thoughts, and are the field of the energy, of the average Englishman.

Now it is obvious to all that this industrial system, as such, is not favourable to intellectual improvement, still less is it favourable to moral progress. Its object is neither the one nor the other; its aims at best are material progress, material well-being, material prosperity, and in order to secure these it demands the whole man, not merely his bodily strength and health, but his thoughts and his energies; it absorbs him, and is so exacting in its absorption that it leaves him neither time nor energy, and too often

not even the will, to look to the higher things; it makes him so busy "about much serving," about its own material ends, that it blots out of his view, and makes him blind to the better part, the "one thing necessary," the knowledge and service of God. In other words, it materializes a man and tends to limit his thoughts and aims to material things; matter and its capabilities, matter and its possibilities occupy him, and with the race in life as close as it is, they occupy him to the exclusion of other things. Here, then, is a distinct danger in our modern life, the danger of practical materialism; and one of our chief difficulties is the difficulty of gaining a livelihood in this rushing stream of industry without losing our hold on the great truths of faith, and our practice of that which our faith teaches.

Another characteristic of our day is the spread of democratic views and principles in the public life of the country. Not long ago all power was in the hands of comparatively few; political and municipal life was sluggish, but now it is full of energy and vigour, and is widespread. Every one now has an interest in public life, every one has something to say to it, every one can take his share in it; in other words, the rights, privileges, and duties of citizenship, once the property of a limited number, are now extended practically to all. Now citizenship, however good it may be in itself, however desirable, however right and proper, has its own dangers, and some of these dangers are not slight. I pass by the dangers that may arise from too strong a spirit of Party, and I need not say more than a word of the dangers and difficulties arising from government by majorities. I do not refer to the tyranny that may be exercised by majorities, nor to the dangers arising from unscrupulous but eloquent orators and from the simplicity or gullibility of their hearers, or from possible corruption in any of its many forms; but I wish rather to call attention to the fact that neither political life nor municipal life, nor

any of the ways in which we exercise our citizenship, have for their direct and immediate end improvement in morals, or moral education, or moral training. Indirectly, no doubt, these are more or less affected; but the direct aims of public life and action are not these, but something below these—important, no doubt, to the well-being of citizens, and therefore much to be desired and sought for, but not as the chief ends of man's life. This public life, unless carefully and wisely ordered (I use the words of a recent writer, Mr. McCunn in *The Making of Character*), "may easily beget a certain energetic secularity of spirit, and a hardness and unscrupulosity which blunt the edge of honour, habituate the mind to compromise and trickery, and forget the more distant ends in the short-lived triumphs of faction."

You will notice the phrase, "secularity of spirit." It is, I think, worth dwelling on; it covers a danger I wish to call attention to. There are those amongst us who in the public press and in their speeches are ever asserting the paramount claims of the State as such—*e.g.*, the State has the right to educate our children in its own way and for its own purposes; and this doctrine of the supremacy of the State, judging from some of the things that have been said or written during the present war, is likely to be pressed upon us with greater insistence in the near future, and it will probably be presented to us under the guise of patriotism. I yield to no one in my admiration and love for everything British, whether it be our trade, our enterprise, our freedom, our Government, or our success; but there are higher things than these, higher even than the glorious British Empire—"the kingdom of God and His justice"; and it is much to be feared that ill-balanced patriotism, an over-sentimental devotion to public life, means after all devotion to material things. It limits a man's view of life, it uses up all his energies, all his mental

activities; it captures all his aims and ambitions, and so lays hold of him and takes possession of him that his standard does not rise above what is material, and he becomes material in his thoughts, in his aims, in his activities. He becomes secular in spirit; this present life, its aims, its interests, its well-being are the only things that move him or stir up his activity. The atmosphere created by too much devotion to public life, whether political, municipal, or social, is materialistic in its tendencies, and many a man has through it lost his hold on his faith and become loose in his practice.

A man *must* get his livelihood, and every man *ought* to take his part in public life; we must all therefore meet these dangers, each in his own place and degree. Happily, they are not insurmountable, and they can be met with success; and I venture to suggest that one of the best means of meeting these materialistic dangers and difficulties is by taking part in what is technically called "lay" work; that is, work not directly intended for one's own benefit, but work outside our own work in life, and intended in some way or other, sometimes directly, but often indirectly, to further the cause of God and His Church or the welfare of our neighbour. We live in times of quick and rapid changes, many of the old things are passing away, and the new that are springing up to take their place require new methods, new combinations of the old things that are left, new applications of old principles, and amongst these I believe that there is a large—a vast—field which the laity alone can cultivate. Our modern life, with its great, unwieldy cities and towns, with its free expression of opinion and discussion, with its higher education spread over a wider area, with its all-embracing journalism, and its wider public life, has created difficulties which the clergy alone cannot meet; is full of dangers which they are too few to contend with; has given rise to situations, serious and dangerous, which the clergy cannot fully deal

with ; and further, has taught large numbers of men to be critical and suspicious of everything a cleric does or says. In other words, modern life has made work, abundant work, which the laity, and perhaps they alone, can do ; and my contention is that while they can be of immense service to the Church and do much for God, they will at the same time save themselves from the unrest and weariness of those who are swayed and ruled by the Time-spirit, and will be free from the contamination of materialistic views and mere materialistic aims and purposes. In the days of old, when the Sepulchre of Christ fell into the hands of the infidel, men buckled on their armour and left all things and went forth to shed their blood, if need be, to win it back for Christendom, and they deemed death glorious in such a cause. We are not called on now to shed our blood, we have not to face death, but we have a more glorious work to do than even that of rescuing the tomb of the Lord from the infidel ; this work lies all around close to our hands, and it is so great, so vast, so extensive that it requires every one of us, and even should we all do what we can, still more workmen would be needed, so great is the harvest that is waiting to be gathered in. The clergy are but a handful, they cannot do even a tithe of the work that lies before us, and I for one believe that there are among the laity many hearts that are willing and hands that are ready to do what they can for the cause of Christ, even if it be only the humble work of saving the crumbs that are now falling from our Father's table.

There are many ways in which laymen can do good work for the Church, ways that are well known to all, and I have no new suggestion to make on the subject ; but, possibly because these ways are so obvious and so well known, it may be well to look at them again and reconsider their possibilities, and the opportunities they offer of good and solid work in the good cause.

1. I would put in the first place in importance, and as

affecting perhaps the largest numbers, the wise exercise of citizenship; and I would suggest as worthy of every man's consideration the duty of exercising his citizenship. A citizen enjoys many privileges, but he has also duties; when a man has a vote, it argues but little public spirit, and little thought of, or interest in, the public welfare if he will not take the trouble to give his vote rationally and intelligently when he has the opportunity. To abstain from voting is to prove oneself unworthy of having a vote; whatever be the motive, whether it be indifference, carelessness, or mere unwillingness to take a little trouble, to refuse to use the power entrusted to us is to refuse our share in the burden of government. It is a privilege to be able to vote, but it is a privilege that is meant for use. For various reasons of one sort or another, I am afraid it is only too true that as a body we are too apathetic in this matter; we are too apt to neglect our privilege, we too often refuse to exercise our power, and because we act thus we have frequently to suffer for our own negligence and want of spirit.

It would not be difficult to show from the history of other religious bodies how much we have lost and how much they have gained, because they have known how to use the franchise well while we have taken but little trouble about it. Civil rulers, whatever be their rank or position, are the ministers of God; it is our privilege to have a voice in determining who those rulers, those ministers of God, shall be, and surely to neglect such a privilege is to act the part of an unfaithful servant, is to hide the talent that has been given to us, and to refuse to perform our duty to the State and the community in which we live. We want more civic virtue amongst us, a better realization of civic energy, and a greater appreciation of our duties as members of the civic body. We want to bring it home to ourselves, first that we have a *duty* to vote, and secondly, the duty of voting *wisely* and *well*. It is of the utmost importance that those who

are chosen to take part in ruling either the State or any of its various parts should be men of high character and principle, fair-minded and just, sincerely desirous of promoting the good and welfare of all, and we who help to put such men in power must know what we are doing; we must not act rashly nor be led by mere glibness of speech, nor follow the many, nor let ourselves be blinded by party or prejudice, but we must know how to vote wisely, either by our own careful and thoughtful study of the situation or by going to those who are worthy of confidence and asking advice.

And here we come to an opportunity for good work. Many of our people have neither time nor knowledge to form their own opinions independently and on good grounds, they easily become the victims of some particular newspaper or ready speaker; to help them, whether by forming societies for the purpose of discussion, or registration, or by individual help, would be doing no mean service. To spread the knowledge of true principles, to instil right ideas, to correct false impressions, to lessen ignorance, to do something to stem the torrent of misrepresentation, to lessen the evils that come of a daily press that thrives on hastily-written articles and crude and ill-digested opinions—to strive even to do any of these, and so help the formation of sane and sound views and the spread of true and solid principles, is work of which any man might be proud, and we need such work amongst us. We need men of high principle who are willing to devote themselves to civic work, who are ready to fill one or other of the many positions of honour and trust which public and civic life offer, and who will do so with knowledge and prudence, and who will work not merely to satisfy their own personal ends, but for the good and prosperity of all. We want men with true ideas of authority and liberty, with true ideas about education, with true ideas about the Church and her ministers, with hearts that can feel for and hands that are ready to help their

less fortunate brethren, men of prudence as well as zeal, men who have enthusiasm, but whose enthusiasm is controlled and disciplined by knowledge, men who are ready to work for the cause in public life without any thought of reward or return: these are the men we want to lead the way. Such men bring honour to themselves, and their lives attract and draw others, soften prejudices, and smooth the way for the Church's greater progress and increase. It will be objected that we are so small in number that it is not worth while attempting anything, and as to individual action, it will be said we don't get the opportunity. No doubt we are a small number, but it is wonderful what small minorities can do when they are in earnest and united; and as for opportunities, they are always to be found by those who really look for them.

2. I pass on to another point. It will be readily granted, I think, that the more the clergy and laity work together, the better for both and for the Church. Further, it is well known that the clergy are loaded, and in many cases overwhelmed, with work which is not strictly ministerial, such as the financial burdens involved in the building of churches and schools, in the confraternities and societies that are so important in the parish, in all that promotes the social union and well-being of their people. I need not go into further particulars of the many things a priest has to do outside his strictly clerical duties—things excellent and desirable, but not necessarily requiring a priest for their efficient performance. These things take up a priest's time and thoughts which are badly wanted for other things, the strain involved in giving them full attention often breaks down a priest's health, and still oftener breaks his spirit, and takes all the life and energy out of his more spiritual duties; and yet they must be done. I know that I am touching on precarious and much-debated ground, that I am walking on ashes that cover a smouldering fire; still, in

all honesty, and with all due deference to the opinions of others, I venture to say that it is not impossible that some way might be found in which the help, which I am sure the laity would gladly give, could be supplied to the clergy in these matters. Such work would bring the clergy and laity together; they would understand each other better, and learn to love and reverence each other more, and the common work would produce community of interests and aims, and would tend to the unity and harmony which are so important for the peace and welfare of a parish. The laity would feel the pleasure of contributing to all this, and the clergy would be freed from much care and anxiety, and would be able to devote themselves with greater heart to more spiritual things.

Let me give you a concrete example of what I mean. Last week I had the pleasure of assisting at the opening of a Catholic Grammar School in a large town in Yorkshire. The School has been established, with the approval of the Bishop, by a Committee of Governors, two-thirds of which are laymen, with laymen for its Chairman and Secretary. This Committee has collected the necessary funds, taken the house, which it has fitted up in the very best style for school purposes, and has taken upon itself practically the whole burden. The Bishop, in his address at the opening, referred to this with special emphasis, declaring that he had not urged the members of the Committee, but they had urged him, and he was grateful to them for it; and he went on to say that nothing in all the years of his episcopacy had so comforted him and gone so much to his heart as this work of the laity of the town of Bradford. Now what is possible in one place is not impossible in another. There is plenty of similar work to be done elsewhere, and it is hardly conceivable that a way of getting it done cannot be found if it is rightly looked for.

3. I come now to Personal Service in social work or

otherwise. Of the value of Personal Service of this kind to the community at large there can be no doubt, and I don't think I should be wrong if I were to say that it is in our day a necessity. The conditions of life in our great towns have created so wide an abyss between the well-to-do who live in comfort and those who have to fight and struggle for every scrap of food they get, that ill-feeling and alienation between the two have very naturally arisen, and threaten to become a danger to the State, and he who helps to bridge over this terrible abyss and bring about better feeling deserves well of the community, and this he will do most effectually by Personal Service. Further, he who would be in touch with life as it really is, who would escape from the softness and effeminacy that creeps over many of us owing to the comfort in which we live, who would free himself from the hardness and selfishness that come of the everlasting pursuit of material ends and aims, who wishes to enrich his life with the love of others, and to comfort his declining years with hope and peace, who desires in his day to do something real and substantial for the good of his fellow-creatures—to such a one I would say, "Go and work amongst the poor, give them the sunshine of your presence, let them see that you have a heart that feels for them and with them, that your interests are their interests, that you are glad and ready to be of use to them; in other words, go in for social work in some form or other." We have noble examples amongst us of excellent work of this kind that has been successfully done, and is now being done by delicate ladies. I must not offend their modesty by mentioning their names here, yet there is one I may and ought to mention, and I do so with all possible reverence—the late Lady Margaret Howard, whom God in His wisdom has taken from us when we could ill spare her, but not before she had time to sow seed that will produce a rich harvest, and to set up a memorial of herself in the love and

affection of the poor in the East, whose lives she did so much to brighten by her presence and to sweeten by the example of her virtue. Thank God for her beautiful life, thank God for the love and charity of others who are doing what she did so well; but we want many more such workers. We want both women and men; we want men especially to follow the bright example that has been set them by women. I do not forget that there are devoted and generous-hearted men who give much time and thought to this kind of work, but we want more, many more if we are to do all that has to be done. We want men who will found settlements, who will work social unions and societies; there are boys' clubs and men's clubs all crying out for more workers, there are young men's societies ready to welcome genial assistance; there is the Society of St. Vincent of Paul, whose members do much good by stealth, so little is their work known, so little is it talked of; for, to use the words of Frederic Ozanam, "they search out hidden distress, interrogate sorrows that do not cry out, visit the attic where the sick man suffers in silence, and penetrate even into the prison, where the unfortunate find no echo to bear the voice of anguish to the outer world." It is an honour to any man to belong to such a society, and cannot fail to bring a bountiful blessing to him and his. There are, of course, many other ways of doing good through our own Personal Service to the unfortunate; but I have perhaps said enough on this point.

4. The greatest power amongst us is the Press—the ubiquitous, energetic, never-tiring Press, that never ceases to give to us its opinion on everything under the sun, and this with such persistence, with such consideration for our convenience, with such readiness and ease, that insensibly it forms and fashions our views; and our thoughts, so little time and opportunity have we for real thought of our own, are often but the echoes of what we have last read. I

venture to suggest that there is good work, an abundance of good work, to be done in the realm of the Press. We want first of all good writers, men with solid and extensive knowledge, men of sound judgment and prudence, of high principle and honour, men of tact and good sense, and above all, of thorough loyalty; such men as these may do immense good through the Press. It is not edifying, to say the least, to see men use the Press to give expression to every passing feeling of discontent, to pour out ill-natured criticism, to find fault with anything and everything that is done by those in authority; and worse still, to expose to the public gaze what they consider the weaknesses and failings of our Holy Mother the Church, and her system of government; nor is it any more edifying to see the Press made the vehicle of weak controversy, which tends to prove the ignorance and unskilfulness of the writer more than anything else. Nothing but disaster can come from such a use of the Press; but there is another use of it which, in skilful and prudent hands, can be of immense benefit, and any man who feels he has the power, the knowledge, and the skill necessary will do great and lasting service to us all if with true loyalty and real prudence he will use them for the public benefit. Few, however, at most can do this, few have the necessary knowledge and skill, still fewer have the time required. But there are other things connected with the Press and its outcome which more of us may attempt. These are parish libraries, club libraries, school libraries to be formed and managed; there are reading circles to be instituted; and there is last, but not least, such a Society as the Catholic Truth Society to be helped and encouraged. That Society is a remarkable instance of what can be done by the whole-hearted zeal of a few devoted men in a good cause. Long may it live and flourish, to continue the good work it is already doing so successfully!

5. The last point I will call your attention to is Educa-

tion. A lay element in our schools I hold to be of great value; and to be a successful teacher seems to me something so magnificent, so noble, so glorious, that I often wonder that more men do not offer themselves with eagerness for the work. There are some who do so with all enthusiasm, and one has heard of young undergraduates of the Universities deliberately choosing teaching in elementary schools as their "profession" not because they were obliged to do so, but out of love and esteem for the work. All honour to such noble young fellows; I should like to see some of the same sort amongst us. However, I have mentioned education and teaching in schools for another reason; there are such things as Sunday schools, and we know what wonderful benefit hey are capable of conferring on any community that makes use of them, and we know, moreover, that in some communities the laity throw themselves into the work of these schools with great ardour and success, and that the best men in these communities think it a privilege and honour to take part in it. What advantages we might get from Sunday schools! and surely if they were ever necessary, they are so now, when so little time can be given to religious instruction during the week, and when religious knowledge is more needed than ever. There must be many laymen willing to take part in such a work, many who are in every way fitted for it, and who would be glad to earn the reward of "those who instruct others unto justice." What a help to our overworked priest such co-operation would be, what a source of good to the parish, what a bond of unity and zeal for religion, and what a boon to the laymen themselves who take such work in hand!

I pass by "Evening Schools," not because they are unimportant, very far from it, but because time is short, and I am anxious to press another point in connection with education.

In these days, when so much is being done to improve education, when there is so much talk about it, when so much depends upon it, it is of vital importance to our cause that we should take our place in the very front rank of the educational army; that every one of us should feel the importance of education, and be ready to strain every nerve to secure good education for all our children of every class. I am not alluding to pecuniary help, I meditate no assault on your purses—they, I know, are always open in every good cause; I want your *interest*, I want you to give your thoughts to the subject of education. We need men and women who will study education, who will get up the subject, who will realise what true education means, what Catholic education means; who will be alive to false principles and false reasoning, which too often find their way into discussions on education; who will help to create amongst us a right public opinion on the subject, an enthusiastic public opinion, a loyal public opinion, that shall make us as one man in the face of the difficulties that are not unlikely to arise in the matter of education, and will strengthen the hands of our leaders when they have to deal with those difficulties. Further, we need those who will be ready to give their time and leisure to the work of School Boards and the like, and to represent our interests and the interests of all true education wherever and whenever they can.

And now I must come to an end, and as I do so, I cannot help calling your attention to the vast amount of ability, energy, and zeal that is running to waste amongst us —ability that would command respect, energy that would work wonders, and zeal that would give us all new life and vigour if rightly employed. Why should all this be lost to us? Why should we not have all the help and encouragement which this would give us? And what a bond of unity it would weave around us! What a power and strength it

would be to us! To all I appeal, clergy and laity alike, to bring about by every possible means this co-operation of the laity with the clergy in the work of God. Look around and see the fields white with the harvest, and, oh, how few, how very few are the labourers! In hundreds they stand in idleness around us, because no man hath hired them, no man has shown them that they are wanted, or how much they can do. The young especially, so full of life and energy, so full of promise for the future, who are the hope of the Church, save them from the curse of a mere worldly life, save them from the weariness of living merely for self, from the unrest that breeds disloyalty and discontent, by making them fellow-labourers in the vineyard of the Lord. They will make mistakes sometimes, and do and say very imprudent things—even we who are older can at times do that—and they would not be young if they did not do such things. Bear with them, encourage them, *trust* them, and you will add a host to the army of the Lord. A few months ago men were bold enough to say that patriotism was dying or dead amongst us; no one can say that now: common interests, common action, common danger have awakened that which was dormant, until the whole country glows with the patriotism that lives in us. It will be so with us in the Church; let us work together, let us share toil and danger, let us join hand to hand, and loyalty shall revive, and discontent shall vanish. We shall live together in the unity of peace, and the cause of God and His Church shall grow apace and prosper in the land.

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TRUE STORIES OF VILLEPINTE.

Many of my readers will begin by asking the question, "Who or what is Villepinte?" It is what we should call in England a consumption hospital, near Paris, but also (what we have only in Dublin, alas !) a home for the dying, under the care of the devoted Sisters of Marie Auxiliatrice, who have a home for factory and working girls at Bow, in London. Founded in 1881, and supported entirely by voluntary contributions, it is a large and beautiful country house, surrounded by a finely wooded park, with a lake in the centre, and plenty of cows, whose milk is so essential in the diet of the sick. The whole house is admirably arranged for the comfort and well-being of the inmates, those that are dying being separated from those in the earlier stages of that fell disease; while for those who are well enough constant employment is provided, without fatigue, but with enough variety to while away the long hours of the day. Regular exercise in the gardens and park is insisted upon, and even rowing in little boats on the lake when it is fine; so that there should be no lack of fresh air for the poor young patients, or of amusement according to their strength. Add to this an excellent

table (for the food is most carefully attended to), a beautiful chapel where there is Mass every morning and Benediction three times a week, and above all, the most tender, motherly care of these devoted Sisters: and can we wonder that those few who recover and are well enough to leave the Home, do so with the keenest regret, and take every opportunity to revisit the place where, very often for the first time in their lives, they have experienced real love and sympathy? "I have only left you for a few days," writes one of these girls, "but it seems to me like months since I heard the dear Mother Superior's voice. In my dreams I am always fancying myself at Villepinte, and grandmamma says that I often wake crying for one of the Mothers."

Several stories were told me of those that had died in this real Home, and I think one or two of them may interest my readers.

Ernestine B. was the child of a widow who had been left penniless with a large family. She was a woman without any religion whatever, who had married a good workman, but one who had taken to drinking, so that all his earnings went in that way. His wife, either from despair or inclination, followed his example, and very soon nothing was left in a home which once had been comfortable enough, all having been pawned for drink. The man died, and poor little Ernestine, who was only eight years old although the eldest, was sent out to beg and to sell matches. Sometimes she was tolerably successful; but many days, when the

weather was bad and few people were in the streets, she could get nothing. Then, indeed, she dreaded going home, for her mother would whip her cruelly, and send her supperless to bed. The poor little girl learnt nothing but evil in the streets, heard nothing but coarse and bad language in the wretched court where they lived, and got thoroughly hardened from ill-usage.

At last she fell ill from cold and exposure, and a lady who visited the poor in that district heard of her sad case, found her out, and moved her to Villepinte, to which institution she was a subscriber. When Ernestine first arrived there she was an enigma to the poor Sisters. She mistrusted every one, and could not believe in charity. Besides, she was a perfect pagan, had never heard the name of God save in blasphemy, and knew absolutely nothing of Gospel history. By degrees, however, she was won by the tenderness of the nuns, and by the kindness of her companions, to believe in Our Lord and in His love. A little novice of "Marie Réparatrice," who was dying in the next bed, helped very much in her conversion; as did also a little Bretonne servant, who (rare example of fidelity) had nursed the children of a noble family who had been unexpectedly ruined, till her strength had been quite exhausted, and she had come to Villepinte to die. She was at once interested in poor Ernestine, and by telling her little stories of her past life, won her attention and very soon her affection, for she had never before met with the smallest kindness in her sad little life. One day

she exclaimed to her, "Why do you and the Mothers do so many things for me, when I can't pay you anything?" which gave her friend an opportunity of unfolding to her, for the first time, that wonderful tale of Divine love, beginning at Bethlehem and ending at Calvary, which has given the keynote to all the devotion and love of the Christian world during eighteen centuries.

The child listened, at first incredulous, but then, won by the earnestness of the speaker and touched to the heart, she burst into tears, murmuring, "He couldn't have done all that for such as me!"

This was the first step gained. The pious Bretonne nurse redoubled her tenderness and her prayers. She offered up all her sufferings and her sleepless nights for the conversion of this little soul, and God heard her prayer. Ernestine was, in truth, transformed; the hard, forbidding expression of her face had vanished; all the bitter recollections of her childhood seemed to have been blotted out of her mind; and her gratitude and humility for the grace which had been given her were as touching as her newly awakened faith and love. By degrees she was fully instructed in the doctrines of our holy religion. It was found that she had never been baptized, and the chaplain hastened to confer upon her that Sacrament, which admitted her, free from all sin, into the fold of Jesus Christ.

Day after day she urged her companions to tell her more about Our Lord and His Mother. But the end of her earthly life was drawing near. Earnestly she begged to be allowed to make her First Communion,

which was indeed to be her last, and after due preparation the permission was granted. Her joy was most touching to see—the little altar was prepared by her bedside, a white veil thrown over her head, and thus the dying child received the Bread of Life, which was to strengthen her for the last dread journey. When the service was over, the Mother Infirmarian drew near to give her some slight restorative; but Ernestine shook her head, and whispering feebly, "Nothing after that!" turned her little face away and softly, without pain or struggle, breathed her last.

Alice G. was left an orphan of both father and mother at ten years old, without any one belonging to her. Her mother had been a good and pious Catholic, and had brought up her child very carefully in our holy faith. Her father had fallen from a scaffolding and been killed; and the poor widow, in her efforts to work and keep their little home, had overtaxed her strength, and died a few months later of consumption. A kind neighbour took in the child for a time, and then advised her to try selling flowers in the streets. This answered tolerably well in the summer; but there came dark cold days, when people hurried through the streets without thinking of stopping and buying flowers. The poor child hardly earned anything, was half-starved and insufficiently clothed, and the result was a fearful cold and cough which undermined her small remaining strength. A friend advised her to go to the gratuitous dispensary of the Sisters, and here she was told for the first time about Villepinte. She had never lost her faith, and went

every day into the nearest church to pray a little before the Blessed Sacrament, and to put a few flowers at Our Lady's feet. Now a new idea possessed her, and that was, to obtain, through Our Lady's intercession, an admission to this much-wished-for Home. By going without her dinner she managed to buy some pretty artificial roses, and, making a garland of them, she deposited it at the foot of her favourite statue, imploring Our Blessed Mother to bring about her wish. That very day, on going back to the dispensary to fetch her medicine, the doctor, who had become interested in the pale, gentle girl, announced to her, to her intense joy, that he had a nomination for her for Villepinte, and that she would be admitted at once, as there was a vacant bed at his disposal. The poor girl flew to offer her thanks first to Our Lady; and then, a charitable person having given her her fare, she arrived quickly at the Home. During the three years that she still lived she edified every one in the Home by her sweetness, patience, and piety. She devoted herself especially to the little ones in the ward called "The Angel Guardians," where she was so beloved that when she died the children all clubbed their halfpence together to put a beautiful wreath on her tomb.

Amanda C. was admitted at thirteen years of age to the Home. She had a bedridden mother, and at twelve years old had been apprenticed to a dressmaker so as to be able to earn something for her support. Her mistress was so satisfied with her that she gave her a few pence daily, which she joyfully took home to her poor mother.

But there was no rest for her, even when she came back from her work. There were four little children to be looked after, fed, washed, and put to bed; her mother to tend and care for, and all the linen to wash for the whole family. One day when she was carrying a heavy bundle of wet clothes far beyond her strength, she fell down with it in the streets, and was picked up by a gentleman, a kind and humane man, who expressed his indignation in no measured terms at a child of that age being so loaded, and asked her for her address. She was afraid to give it to him, however, for fear of getting her parents into trouble. The gentleman was determined to follow her to her wretched home, and found, as we have said, that her mother was bedridden, that her father was out of work, although an honest and industrious man, through the failure of his employer, and that there were four little children, for whom Amanda was the one bread-winner. "You will hear of me again," quietly said the gentleman when he went away, giving the poor mother all that he had in his purse. The next day there was a meeting of the French Academy, and what was called the "Prize of Monthyon" was awarded to Amanda as "the little mother of the family." But the poor child had overtaxed her strength. She broke a blood-vessel and was removed to Villepinte. Her greatest consolation was the thought that, now their case was known, her family would cease to be in want. Her father got work, and help poured in from every side, so that the sacrifice of her life had not been made in vain. She died full of thankfulness and joy after a

very short illness, feeling that her work on earth was done.

JOSEPHINE D. had lost her mother of consumption. Her father, a socialist and an atheist, soon gave her a stepmother more violent in her disbelief than himself. But poor little Josephine had been piously brought up by her own mother, and never forgot her early teaching. Child after child came to this godless couple, and Josephine slaved to help them from morning till night; but strove in vain to induce her father to let any one of them be baptized. She had herself, with incredible difficulty, been able to make her First Communion, and soon afterwards felt that her poor mother's malady had fallen upon her. Through the kindness of the good parish priest, who had always watched over her and knew all her difficulties, she was soon admitted to Villepinte, and at once most tenderly nursed and cared for. But one idea alone possessed her, and that was, to give her life for the baptism of her little half-brothers and sisters, to whom she was devoted. "Take me, my God!" she would exclaim, "but save those poor little souls for whom Thou hast died, so that we may meet in heaven."

Her prayer was granted. Her father, who had always been fond of her, came to see her in the Home, and to him was imparted her dying wish and prayer. Touched to the heart, he was himself converted, had all the children baptized, and returned to Villepinte to place their baptismal certificates in her hands. Joyfully exclaiming, "Thou hast heard me, O my God!" she

tenderly embraced her father and expired. The certificates were placed on her tomb.

ADRIENNE W. was the daughter of a professional actor in a well-known Paris theatre. She had never been taught any religion whatever, and was brought up entirely for the stage. The late hours and exposure during the winter season undermined her health, and she was seized with inflammation of the lungs. The stage manager, who was a kind and humane man, got her a nomination to Villepinte, to which arrangement the father and mother reluctantly consented, as they dreaded the religious influences of the place. Adrienne was just fifteen, and the one condition made by her parents was that she should not make her First Communion. Adrienne, however, had not been there many days before the Sisters found that she was most anxious to learn and to be instructed in the Catholic faith. She would borrow a catechism from one of the patients and a book from another, and nothing else seemed to interest her. Her illness lasted longer than was expected, although she was evidently getting better; and during those anxious weeks her mother died suddenly. Poor little Adrienne felt her death very much, but told the Sisters that she was sure her father was less bigoted than her mother had been and that she might be instructed for her First Communion. The father was accordingly asked, and on his replying that he did not care, the chaplain was instantly sent for. After a short time of very earnest preparation, Adrienne

was allowed to fulfil her heart's desire. By degrees she got well, and left Villepinte apparently cured. Her father was delighted to have her once more at home, and she embarked soon after in her dangerous profession as an actress. She had a lovely voice, and was extremely pretty, so that her success was assured. But she never gave up her religious duties, and was an example to all her companions.

The season passed and she received compliments and congratulations on all sides. But then the winter came, and she caught a fresh cold. All the bad symptoms returned, and at last she implored to go back to Villepinte. To this her father reluctantly consented, only induced to do so by the recollection of her cure the year before. Adrienne, however, was under no illusions as to her state, and on seing the Mother Superior, told her that she felt that the Home was her only place of safety. She made novena after novena during her illness, not to live but to die, and edified the whole Home by her piety. Sooner than any one expected the end came, and she died singing the "Magnificat."

FANNY S. was one of a large family of the middle class —the best, but the least loved; for she was always sickly and delicate, cost much in doctors and medicines, and earned little or nothing. Her parents were hard and worldly, and although she received a good education, like the rest of her sisters, she could not obtain, as they did, good situations, from her constant bad health. At last they virtually turned her out of doors. Through

the kindness of an old friend she obtained a situation as governess, and there speedily won the love and confidence of her pupils and their parents. A few years passed happily in this way, and she was beginning to hope she might be able to secure an independence, when her health suddenly and completely broke down, and she was compelled to give up her situation. The doors of her home were closed to her; but a poor daily governess took her in to her little lodging, gave her up her own bed, and nursed her as her mother should have done. Poor Fanny could not bear that her friend should undergo such privations and discomfort for her sake, and at last succeeded in obtaining a nomination to Villepinte. Her patience and sweetness were wonderful, and she was full of love for her family, and especially for her father, always forgetful of her wrongs, and making excuses for their treatment of her; for her true history became known, and great was the indignation felt for the way in which so saint-like a soul had been treated. Yet there was no amelioration in her parents' behaviour towards her, and the same hardness and cruelty were shown, even when they were told she was dying. But her wonderful charity and spirit of forgiveness were not to pass unrewarded. She was unconscious when, one day, in an agony of remorse, her father knelt sobbing by her bed; but in heaven she will know that her tender, filial love had saved his soul, and brought him back to his childhood's faith.

Can we wonder, after reading these touching stories, at the words of another poor girl, an orphan, received by

the Sisters of Charity at the deathbed of her mother, and by them transported, in a dying state, to Villepinte:—

"I am like a little duchess here! In the morning I wake, make the sign of the cross, and say to myself, 'I have nothing now to do but to rest quietly, surrounded with care and tenderness; and to pray to God to bless and reward those who have brought me to this real Home. . . . Oh when, very soon, I shall have to appear before God, I shall say to Him,—Thou hast made my last days on earth so happy that all my past miseries are forgotten.'"

Another, having received the Holy Viaticum, exclaimed to the Mother Infirmarian, "Now that I have received Our Lord, dear Mother, and am all His, I must give you a kiss, for I have nothing better to offer you."

Some one, soon after, seeing her eyes fixed upwards, said smilingly to her, "Well, Helen, are you making a fresh castle in the air?" And she answered brightly, "No, I am making a grand, tall palace in heaven to lodge all our good Mothers, and so high that poor, lonely, deserted girls like myself may see it and come and find there the happiness and peace which I have discovered after twenty-three years of misery."

We might multiply tales of this sort, but think enough has been said to interest our readers and to make them feel how much may be done in times of sickness and sorrow to save the souls as well as the bodies of the sufferers. Upwards of one thousand

eight hundred patients have already been admitted into this true Home, and the numbers are continually increasing. May the day come when we shall see a similar "Home for the Dying" in the neighbourhood of London, under the care of these devoted Sisters, who know so well how to manage such an institution.

A PRISON STORY.

One day the matron of a great prison came to Father Nugent and said to him:—

"There is a young woman, Father, in the dark cell whom we can do nothing with. She is as strong as three men, and is so violent that no one can master her. I have tried everything to tame her in vain. She is screaming and shouting now like a wild beast. Do come and see if you can calm her."

The Father went straight into the dark cell, and the moment there was a pause in the torrent of bad words which fell from her lips, he said in a very gentle voice:—

"Hush, my child! you must whisper!"

This checked her at once—she became quite still and silent; and then he began talking to her in the kindest and tenderest way, promising to get her taken out of punishment if she would only behave differently, and speaking to her all the while in the most fatherly loving manner. The poor girl after a time burst into tears, and exclaimed:—

"Father, those are the first kind words that have been spoken to me in my whole life."

He found in this way the key to her heart, and then she told him her whole history. Her mother had died in giving her birth, so that she never knew a mother's care. Her father, who was a bad and worthless man, and angry at having a baby left on his hands, deserted her and went off to America. She was found in the empty house by the police, and was going to be taken to the workhouse, when a woman came forward, saying she had no children of her own, and would adopt her. This woman in reality only wanted her to take her out to beg; and when she became a little older, the poor little Bridget was forced in all weathers to go out barefooted to sell flowers or matches, and, if she were unsuccessful, was cruelly whipped on coming back to her wretched home. She was always half starved, and lived besides in perpetual terror of this woman, so that very often she said she thought of putting an end to her miserable little life.

At last she got acquainted with some bad girls, who laughed at her for her cowardice in not running away from her cruel taskmistress, and persuaded her at last to come and live with them. There she became acquainted with all the vice of the streets, and finally was induced by a man whom she loved to take part in a jewel robbery in which he was concerned, which had ended in her capture and imprisonment.

Father Nugent listened with deep sympathy to this poor girl's story. What chance, in truth, had she ever had of being better? And how many, alas! were in the same wretched position! On finding she was really inclined to be quiet and good, he got the matron to take

her out of the dark cell, and then had a little further conversation with her. He found she was only too anxious to learn, and was really good at heart, though utterly untrained, or rather trained in nothing but evil. He determined to take her regularly in hand, and to teach her a little every day. He persuaded the matron to employ her in the laundry and in other works about the house; and very soon, to the matron's astonishment, she was found to be the best and most industrious of the prisoners.

"Did I not tell you," replied the Father one day, in answer to her expressions of surprise at the entire change in the girl, "that she only wanted a little kindness and encouragement? Which of us would not have been as bad as she if we had been brought up in the same way?"

The matron became herself greatly interested in her, and took pains to show her how to do things properly; so that after a few months she became a really useful and valuable servant.

When the term of her imprisonment was nearly at end, poor Bridget became very sad and downcast.

"What will become of me," she exclaimed one day to Father Nugent, "when I leave this place? I have no friends and no character; and yet I would rather die than go back to my old life!"

"Have I not promised," replied Father Nugent, "that if you would only become a good girl, I would never forsake you?"

She thanked him with tears, and he was as good as his word. Before her term of imprisonment had ex-

pired he had begged her passage-money, and the very day she left the prison he put her in a Home, where she remained until he was able to start for Canada, which he did a week or two later, taking her with him. When he arrived there, he placed her with the "Grey Sisters," who employed her in their Infirmary. They found her not only most handy and willing, but most devoted to the sick, with whom she would sit up night and day if they would let her; and, in fact, in every way she gave them the utmost satisfaction.

After a time they found for her an excellent situation in the house of the Postmaster-General. She had grown a fine, handsome woman, though the events of her early life had left an expression of great sadness on her face. She was, however, thoroughly good and steady, modest in her ways, and quiet and handy in her work.

A few years later Father Nugent returned to Canada, and went to see her. He was delighted at the high character he received of her from her employers, and when he was leaving her she slipped a handful of dollars into his hand.

"What is this for?" he exclaimed, trying to return it to her. But she replied:—

"Oh, Father! do take it and spend it on some poor neglected child such as I was; for no one knows better than I what they have to go through!"

A DEATH-BED REPENTANCE.

It was autumn. The foliage in the square garden had lost its fresh green hue and had become covered with dust and dirt. Some of the dead fallen leaves had collected in the paths beneath, affording great amusement to the small children, who loved to shuffle their tiny feet in the part where the leaves lay thickest, much to the detriment of their boots. People were "out of town," as it is called—that is, some few houses were closed and the rich had gone to their country homes, or to Scotch moors, or to foreign baths; but the mass of the world was still in London, though the streets were quieter than they had been when the season was in full swing, and when myriads of carriages had helped to swell the ever-deafening roar of carts and omnibuses.

Still, the noise of the latter was quite enough to try the patience of the inmates of a large red-brick hospital which faced the square, and the windows of which looked upon one of the busiest thoroughfares in the south-west of London. Perhaps some of the patients got used to it in time, as people will to anything which is unavoidable; but to many the irritation was very great, and added much to their nervous sufferings.

The accident ward was full. It was a sad and painful sight; many men struck down in the prime of life, with the prospect of being permanently crippled; some with dull, heavy, hopeless faces, bearing their pain as animals might do, without a thought of Our Lord and His love to soften their agony; others frantic with the injuries they had received, and giving vent to groans and muttered curses. But there were some who wore a look of calm and almost happy resignation. Among these was a man of about fifty, who was not seriously hurt—a simple fracture of the leg from which he was fast recovering; in fact, he did not expect to remain in the hospital many more days. He was talking earnestly with a Catholic priest who was sitting by his bed-side, and whose pale, thin face and deep-set eyes, with their sweet almost sad expression, told of a life well-nigh worn out in the service of his Divine Master.

"And now, Father," continued the sick man, "there is something I must tell you. You see yonder bed, where poor old Gamet lay last week—God rest his soul! Well, the chap who lies there now was brought in yesterday, pretty nearly dead; they say he can't recover. Now I knew him a few years back when he was quite a lad, and I'm sure I am not mistaken in him. He was the son of as good Catholics as ever breathed, and he was brought up as nice and respectable as could be. Well, he went wrong somehow, I don't know how or why, but he gave up Mass and one thing and another, until at last, when he was about eighteen, he walked himself off altogether. No one, not even his mother, poor soul! knew where he had gone to;

only, one day, they heard he was in London. A little later he sent home a few pounds, with a short note to say he was quite well, and enclosing his photograph. (My eye! he did look a swell! yards of shirt-front and collar, and a star-pin as big as a plate stuck into his tie!) But his mother cried when she got it, for he sent no address; and the poor thing was broken-hearted about her boy, and spent all her days and nights, it's my belief, praying for him."

"And are you sure that it is he?" inquired the priest.

"As sure as I can be, Father, for his face was one to be remembered. He was as fine a chap as you could meet in a day's march: but he's sadly altered now."

"Poor fellow! he does look mortally ill, John," replied Father C——as he glanced in the direction of the bed. "I am afraid indeed he can't get over it!"

"So the nurses say, Father. And now will you go over and speak to him a bit? Perhaps a few words from you would make him happier."

"Of course, I will go; and do you pray for him in the meanwhile. I shall not see you again here, I hope, as you are leaving in a day or two, are you not?"

"Yes. Thank God for His goodness! I'm all but well. My poor Alice will be glad to have me home again, dear girl! and I hope I shall soon be fit for regular work again."

"I am very glad. And now good-bye and God bless you. I shall go at once and speak to your poor friend."

Saying these words, the good priest crossed to the opposite side of the ward and stood for a minute or two by the sick man's bed without speaking, as he

fancied by his closed eyes that he was asleep. But he was mistaken. The heavy lids slowly lifted and disclosed a pair of sad, sunken brown eyes, which were fixed for a moment on the priest; but then he deliberately turned away his head, though it evidently cost him no little pain to move. In spite of this discouraging sign, Father C——bent over him and said in a gentle, low voice:—

"I have just heard that you belong to the Church, my child; is that so?"

An unmeaning grunt was the only reply.

"Perhaps I can do something for you?" continued the priest kindly. "You are very ill and I should so like to comfort you."

"Go away!" exclaimed the young fellow. "I am very ill, and don't want to be disturbed."

"But you are a Catholic, you do not deny it," answered Father C——. "I will try and see you on Saturday when I come, perhaps you will have altered your mind by then." And with a sad yet not despairing heart, the good Father left the hospital.

Saturday came, but there was no change. Philip Morgan, for that was the sick man's name, was, if possible, more sullen and uncommunicative than before although being weaker, for he was evidently sinking, he could not say much.

Day after day the priest tried to win him, not by talking religion, but by expressing sympathy in his sufferings and doing his best to alleviate them. But all seemed useless. Several times when he saw Father C—— coming near his bed he would draw the sheet

over his head so as to preclude any conversation. Then the good Father purposely took no notice of him, passing on to other patients, till one day he observed Philip anxiously following him with his eyes, while the expression of his face was changed. He drew near his bed once more and was received more courteously than before. After a few trivial remarks he asked him: "Would you like me to say a little prayer to you?"

"If you like; I don't care," replied Philip.

The priest then slowly repeated the Lord's Prayer, to which he listened with apparent indifference, as he did to several others: but when he repeated the three touching ejaculations to the Holy Family, so well known to every Catholic, Philip suddenly started, with an expression of pleasure and surprise. "What was that?" he exclaimed eagerly.

"I will repeat it again if you like," replied Father C——, gazing calmly at the agitated face on the pillow; and once more the words fell from his lips.

"My mother!" gasped the lad. "Oh, my poor mother! She taught me that."

"Did she now?" said Father C——quietly, for he thought it best not to show any sign of surprise at the change in his manner. "They are very nice prayers, and so short for a sick person; would you like to repeat them with me?"

"Yes, perhaps I can remember them myself."

"You might try."

But somehow the words would not come: prayer had so long been a stranger to those poor lips, now

blistered and parched with suffering. He had to give up the attempt, and could only look with an appealing glance at Father C——.

"Your memory fails you, my poor lad!" he continued kindly. "Never mind, you shall say them with me," and taking Philip's hot hand in his own, he reverently bowed his head and again repeated the simple, beautiful words:—

"Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, I give you my heart and my soul."

"Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, assist me in my last agony."

"Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, may I breathe forth my soul with you in peace. Amen."

With a weak and trembling voice, Philip followed, as well as he could, until, at the last ejaculation, speech failed him and he burst into tears.

Father C—— fell on his knees, and whispered sweet words of consolation into the ears that had so long refused to hear anything from him, feeling as he did so that the fight for this sin-stained soul was at an end. It was a happy moment for his priestly heart, one of those rays of light which are sometimes sent to brighten the paths of men and women toiling for their Lord—whose lives would be dreary enough, God knows, without the supreme consolation now and then granted to them, of being the instruments for saving human souls.

When the poor fellow's sobs had died away sufficiently for him to speak, his first repentant words showed his sincerity. "Father! forgive me for the shameful way I have behaved to you! please forgive me!"

"My dear child, do not say that!" replied Father C—— whose eyes were moist with tears. "You see, I knew you better than you did yourself. But you look tired. Would you like me to say 'Good-bye' now and leave you for a bit?"

"Oh, no, Father! Do not go yet, let me tell you about my mother. Ah! she was so good, so dear, she would have made me a good man, if——" he paused.

"If what?"

"If I had only let her!" he exclaimed, the flush of shame reddening his face and tears of remorse springing to his eyes.

"Come, never mind! I am sure you are sorry," urged the priest kindly. "Look here, you are too weak and tired to talk. Shall I read to you a bit?"

"No, no, I can talk all right," murmured the poor lad. "And it would be such a relief to me to tell you all"—and so he began his sad and sorrowful tale of wilfulness and disobedience to his parents, ending in sin and folly—one of those unhappy stories which are, alas! too common, and which bear their bitter fruit in remorse and ruin both here and hereafter. When he had finished, and was lying quite silent and still, Father C—— who had been a patient and deeply-interested listener, took the poor feverish hand in his and said gently:—

"And now, my child, when are you going to make your confession?"

Philip started at the word. For a moment prejudice, born of long religious neglect and anti-Catholic associations, was too strong for him, and he exclaimed:—

"Not that, Father! I did not bargain for that!"

But the priest had slipped on his stole and answered with a smile:—

"Don't you know that as a man and a friend you have just been telling me all the secrets and sins of your past life? Now I only want you to seal my lips for ever by telling them to your merciful God in the person of His priest. Then you will be absolved and free from all stain; you can never refuse that?"

Philip seemed taken aback by this argument. Still, he hesitated. "I can't, Father," he exclaimed.

"I am sure you will do it," continued Father C—— encouragingly. "You are not a child; you can reason; you have not quite forgotten your mother's training, and you know that what I have said is perfectly true."

It was but a short struggle; and in a few minutes Philip Morgan, again restored to the grace of God and with a thoroughly contrite and softened heart, was pouring out his whole soul in thanksgiving.

"Now I must leave you," said Father C——, "but to-morrow I hope to bring you Holy Communion."

Philip was too exhausted to answer: but the glad light in his eyes and the way he pressed the good priest's hand, spoke more eloquently than words. Long after Father C—— had blessed and left him, he lay with a peaceful smile on his face, full of joy and thankfulness at the unexpected and unspeakable mercy which had rescued him from his previous state of sullen despair and given him hope and peace.

He received Holy Communion the next morning with great fervour, and for a short time seemed to rally.

But he knew that his injuries must prove fatal, and his whole mind was given to preparing himself worthily for the approach of death. He lingered for two or three weeks, ever consoled and strengthened by the good priest, who visited him daily and on several occasions brought him Holy Communion. But when the end came, it was unexpected. He had been lying quietly listening, while the nurse, who was herself a devout Catholic, was reading aloud to him some verses from the "Imitation" when she saw a sudden change come over his face, and instantly sent for Father C——, who, fortunately, was at home and came at once. Strengthened by all the Sacraments with which the Church fortifies her departing children, poor Philip breathed his last without agony or struggle, his latest look fixed on the priest to whom, under God, he owed his salvation.

When all was over and the evening sunlight, slanting across the ward, fell on the pale, lifeless but beautiful features which lay so still on the pillow, Father C—— could only thank God from the depths of his heart for the wonderful love and mercy which Our Lord had shown towards this, His erring child. For it seemed almost miraculous that Philip, whom the doctors thought would have died two or three days after he had come into the hospital, should have been spared all these weeks till his repentance was secured; and equally strange that the sudden inspiration which had moved the priest to utter those ejaculatory prayers, should have resulted in so thorough a conversion. May we not believe it was the fruit of his mother's prayers, and that she is now rejoicing with him in the presence of Our Lord?

THE PIOUS CONVICT

That justice sometimes goes astray and that innocent people occasionally suffer for the sins of others, is a fact which no one can deny, although we believe it to be more rare in England than in other countries. But that unmerited punishment of this nature should be willingly accepted by the victim, and that God should turn it to his higher sanctification, is a still more exceptional case. A striking instance of this was told me not long ago by a very holy priest, who has devoted himself for years to the spiritual care of the galley slaves at the fortress of Rochfort, near Brest. Like another St. Vincent de Paul, the Rev. Father Lovigne, S.J., has given up his whole life to this work, and has won the confidence and affection of men of every class and station. I will give the story in his own words:—

There exists, I believe, at this moment, a man whose remembrance is ineffaceably engraved in my mind: a man who by his virtues, I should rank even above all the Fathers of the Society of Jesus, and all religious of both sexes whom I have known. He is a saint—I use the word deliberately—and I venerate him as such, and yet this man is a galley slave. One day he came to me in

the confessional for the first time; and after his confession was over, I asked him some questions, as I often did in a fatherly way with those poor fellows, but in his case I had a particular motive for doing so. I had been very much struck with the calm, sweet expression of his countenance, which was quite different from the dogged look of acquiescence in the inevitable which I had often seen on the faces of his companions, and of which I had learned to take little heed. For alas! in this work, as in many others where the criminal classes are concerned, one must—I do not say harden one's heart, but—look with suspicion on many things which one would naturally be inclined to accept as marks of repentance, or intended reformation, while instead they are only the mask of life-long habits of roguery and deception. In this man's case however, I felt there was nothing which was not honest and straightforward. The precision with which he expressed himself in answer to my inquiries, the rigorous exactness and the laconic nature of his replies, excited my curiosity more and more. Convicts are generally garrulous in their communications, and too glad to weave a long story of their innocence, in hopes of deceiving the often too credulous chaplain. This man answered me without affectation, without adding a single useless word, or going a step further than my question required, so that it was only by pressing and cross-questioning him, that I at last obtained, in a few short and simple words, the recital of his touching history.

"How old are you?" I first asked him.

"Forty-five, Father."

"How long have you been here?"

"For ten years."

"Are you to remain much longer?"

"For life."

"For what, then, are you condemned?"

"For arson."

"I need not ask you, my poor friend, whether you have repented of your crime?"

"I have often grievously offended God, Father, but of that particular crime I was not guilty. Nevertheless for my past sins I am justly condemned, but it was God who condemned me and not man."

This answer still further excited my curiosity, and I persisted in my inquiries:—

"But what do you mean? Explain yourself."

"I led a wild and godless course as a youth, Father, indulging myself in every sinful pleasure. I thus offended God very much, and have been very guilty towards Him, but not towards the public. After many years of vice and self-indulgence, God suddenly touched my heart, and I saw myself as I was. I resolved with all the strength of my will to change my life and repair the past. But after my conversion, there remained an intense anxiety in my mind; an immense weight upon my heart. Not that I did not believe in His all-merciful forgiveness, but I had offended Him so much, and so often, how could I ever believe He had forgotten all? I had sinned against light and knowledge, and I found nothing I could do enough to make atonement for the iniquities of my youth. An immense longing to repair them came over me—a want which I could not satisfy—

a positive hunger for suffering, that I might make some amends to the loving Lord I had so cruelly offended.

"While I was in this state of mind, a fire broke out near my house. How it originated I never knew, nor in what way any suspicion of being implicated in it fell upon me. But so it was; and I was soon after arrested and brought to trial. During the proceedings, when all my friends were anxious to prove my innocence, I alone remained perfectly calm. I felt that I was in the hands of God, and that if He willed that this should be the atonement I had craved for, I was willing to accept it. From the first I foresaw plainly that I should be condemned. I had certain enemies who managed to give a false colouring to various little circumstances which all told against me at the trial. But I was ready for whatever God might appoint.

"At length the day came when the verdict was to be pronounced. The jury left the Court to deliberate upon my fate, and at the moment I seemed to hear an interior voice which said to me: 'If I condemn thee now, I will also take upon Myself to be thy eternal happiness, and to restore thy peace of mind.' And at that instant I felt a most delicious peace, which pervaded my whole being. The jury returned, bringing in the verdict of guilty of the crime of arson, but with extenuating circumstances. I was, therefore, not condemned to death, but to the galleys for life. I with difficulty restrained my tears when the sentence was pronounced, which would naturally have been attributed to any other cause but the true one—namely, that an inexpressible feeling of happiness came over me, for I felt I was forgiven.

"They took me back to my cell, and as soon as I was alone, throwing myself on my straw bed, I shed a torrent of such sweet tears as any one might have envied and would have felt happy to buy at the price of any sacrifice. An ineffable peace filled my whole soul. It did not leave me in my journey to the hulks, and it has never left me since. As far as my daily life is concerned, I endeavour to fulfil all my duties as conscientiously as I can, and to obey all those over me in all things. As regards those in command over us, I never look to the commissioners, nor to the adjutants, nor to the subalterns, but to God alone. I pray always and everywhere; even while labouring at the oars, I still pray; and the time passes so quickly I can scarcely believe I have been here so long. Hours go like minutes, days like hours, months like days and years like months, and even still quicker. I find it difficult to explain how it is. No one knows me here: if they think of me at all they believe I am justly condemned; and that is true, though not in the way they think. You will not find out who I am either, Father; I give you neither my name nor my number. Only pray for me, I entreat of you, that I may do the will of God to the end."

With these words he left me, amazed and edified. I only saw him once more, one evening when he came with the rest to receive absolution; but he slipped away directly after. I have since tried in every possible way to discover him, but he hides himself from my researches, as he has done from the ordinary confessor of the place, to whom I related his touching story. Twice I have

gone back to the place to try and find him, and have always been defeated in my endeavours, though I did all I could to try and see him again. But it is evidently the will of God that he should remain in the hidden path of suffering and atonement, which he has thus voluntarily chosen. He is unseen by human eyes: but I feel myself interiorly united with him, and his remembrance will never be effaced from my soul.

So far spoke the good Jesuit Father. May we not share the hope with him that the time may not be far distant when this true martyr of penance may be called to receive the reward of his patience and perseverance; and when the unknown and despised convict may share in the glories prepared for those who through much tribulation have entered into the kingdom of God?

THE RENAISSANCE

By the Author of "The Life of a Prig."

Of the many modern treatments of the interesting phenomena commonly called the Renaissance, none is more unfair than that of identifying it with the Catholic Church. It is true that during the period of its prominence the Church was the principal patron of literature and of art, and that, as a natural consequence, the books, the sculpture, and the paintings produced or brought to light by the great classical revival, obtained much attention in Rome and among scholarly ecclesiastics elsewhere. But it would be about as fair to make the Benedictine Order responsible for all the shortcomings of mediæval farming, on the ground that the monks were the greatest propagators of agriculture in the Middle Ages, as to attribute every ill effect of the Renaissance to popes, to prelates, or to priests. On the other hand, it would be no less unjust to assign the monkish taste for husbandry as the cause of all scandals in monasteries, than to lay the blame of the lapses of ecclesiastics upon classical studies.

In considering the condition of the Popes and of the Papal Court during the fifteenth and the sixteenth centuries, there are many important influences to be borne in mind besides literature and art. Among others, the

exile of the Popes to Avignon, the reaction caused by their restoration to Rome, the frequent disputes and fightings which took place between the Popes and other Italian monarchs, the constant disturbances caused by great potentates, such as Charles V. and Francis I., who were sometimes patrons and at others persecutors of Popes, the alarming incursions of the Moslem power into Christian countries, the discoveries of Copernicus, the invention of paper and of printing, and the practical use of the long-known principle of the mariner's compass, which more than doubled the world so far as its surface was known to civilized man, rendered the times under notice exceedingly complicated and critical. There was another factor during the later period of the Renaissance, as important as any of these: namely, the so-called Reformation; but that catastrophe has not here been classed among them, because, rightly or wrongly, in the opinion of some historians, it ought to be considered, not among the influences rivalling that of the Renaissance, but to at least some extent as a result of the Renaissance itself. To this question we shall return by-and-by.

The latter half of the fifteenth and the first half of the sixteenth century constituted an epoch in which immorality was rampant in Italy; but we must go elsewhere than to the Renaissance, taking that word in its strictest sense, to seek its cause; and to exemplify this assertion, it may be sufficient to say that if a profound study of and admiration for the classics are

conducive to immorality, there is no class of men who ought to be more immoral than Oxford dons; yet nobody could fairly pretend that the licentiousness of the dons of Oxford is one of the crying evils of the day. But, whatever its cause, immorality was almost beyond control in Italy at the period in question. In Fr. Antrobus's translation of *The History of the Popes*, by the Catholic historian, Dr. Ludwig Pastor, we read: "Undoubtedly of all the evils which darken Italian life in this period, the deadliest was the prevailing immorality. Illegitimate children were not accounted any disgrace, and hardly any difference was made between them and those born in wedlock. When Pius II. came to Ferrara in 1459, he was received by seven princes, not one of whom was a legitimate son." When this vice was so terribly prevalent, it can scarcely be a matter for surprise that priests, whose boyhood had been spent in homes where licentiousness was predominant, should have been too vitiated by the pernicious atmosphere in which they were brought up, to attain a healthy condition of mind or body, unless by very special grace. So far as the Popes themselves are concerned, it may be well to remember that, of the whole 259, only five or six have been charged with immorality, even by the most hostile of Protestant writers, that if the sixteenth century produced an Alexander VI., it also gave the Church the excellent St. Pius V., while the family of Borgia brought forth the holy St. Francis as well as the ill-reputed Pope.

It has been too much the fashion to call ill-famed popes, priests, and laymen of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, "products of the Renaissance." By what right are the bad rather than the good fathered upon that phenomenon? Why should not St. Ignatius be said to be as much a product of the Renaissance as Benvenuto Cellini, St. Francis Borgia as Pope Alexander Borgia, or St. Philip Neri as Cosimo de' Medici? If it should be objected that the real children of the Renaissance were not ecclesiastics, but laymen of culture and learning, the reply is at hand that few, if any, men of that period were more distinguished for their literary attainments than the excellent Cardinal Ximenes, and that the brilliantly learned Cardinal Cajetan was considered the best theologian since the time of St. Thomas.

Of what was the so-called Renaissance the new birth? It is impossible to reply "Of learning," or "Of pagan literature," when we consider the enormous study devoted to the works of the pagan Aristotle by St. Thomas and the schoolmen, two centuries before its earliest dawn.

Speaking broadly, the revival in question was chiefly that of the study of Greek and Latin poems bearing upon the legend of the taking of Troy, and through those poems, directly or indirectly, of an interest in pagan mythology and Greek art. In saying this, the works of Cicero and of Cæsar, as well as those of other classical prose-writers, are not forgotten; but the general spirit of the Renaissance

is more traceable to the Greek plays, to Homer's Iliad, and to the Æneid of Virgil, than to the historical or the philosophical classics. The origin of the rather sudden craze for everything classical and mythological is not very easy to trace; but it was certainly much aided and encouraged by the collection of Greek manuscripts made by Cosimo de' Medici, the so-called Father of his country, through his business agents and correspondents in many cities of Eastern Europe, during the first half of the fifteenth century. Some writers regard Petrarch as the Father of the Renaissance; but to others this assumption appears fanciful and far-fetched. So far as the Renaissance affected philosophy, it may be said to have been a revival of Platonism, and, with it, of independent philosophic inquiry based upon the *comparative* study of conflicting systems.

The late J. A. Symonds considered the Renaissance to have been an emancipation of the European intellect from ecclesiastical superstitions. Possibly an enemy of the Renaissance and all its works might prefer to call it the enslavement of the intellect of its times to the art and literature of the pagan past. *Per contra*, an admirer of the Renaissance, on reading Ruskin's opinion that it was a prostitution of Christianity to paganism, might reply that it rather enchained paganism as a slave of the Christian Church; and that, just as the Catholics of the days of Constantine had put Roman basilicas and heathen temples to Christian uses, so those of the Renaissance converted

heathen art and, so far as beauty of style was concerned, heathen literature, to the same pious purposes.

In the great Battle of the Styles, fierce objection has been made to the so-called pagan character of much of the decorative work in Italian churches. The carved figures surmounting the altar-pieces and the monuments are, it is said, much more like sibyls and cupids than saints and angels. Yet it might be difficult to define the difference between the human appearance of a saint and that of a sibyl, while of the spiritual appearances of sibyls and saints we are in absolute ignorance; and it is obvious that no one can rightly call anything unlike an angel, unless he is already acquainted with the likeness of an angel, nor can anybody, without such an acquaintance, justly determine whether a cupid-like figure has less resemblance to a real angel than has his own preconceived idea of an angelic form. It may be added that, if a period had to be named in which the art of painting most successfully and most lavishly produced works exemplifying the truths, the traditions, and the history of Christianity and Christian times, it would be that of the Renaissance. And, more than this, it was not during that period, but in the period succeeding it, when the School of Bologna was at its zenith, that sacred pictures were most bespattered with doubtful-looking winged figures, to which pagans and Christians might dispute the right with a pretty equal show of reason. Far different, in this respect, are the works of Raphael

and those of his immediate predecessors in Renaissance times.

It is indisputable that the excessive revival of a taste for Greek and Latin literature led to the formation of an unnatural and affected style in religious writings as well as in sermons, even if it led in them to nothing worse; but it has not been only during the times of the Renaissance that the manner of expressing theological verities has been influenced by secular fashions. In the seventeenth century, the absurd euphuistic mania affected clergy as well as courtiers, and a modern Jesuit has pointed out passages of pure euphuism in the writings of a celebrated Father of his Society, who lived nearly three hundred years ago. Again, in the eighteenth and in the early part of the nineteenth century, the style of the pulpit, as well as of devotional treatises, was at least as much influenced by an excessive taste for poetry and poetical expression, as it had been by an undue craving for classical quotations, or imitations, in the fifteenth and the sixteenth.

An exclusive study of the classics may have been injurious; and few indeed are the subjects of which one study, to the exclusion of all others, can be said to be altogether wholesome. This, however, does not alter the fact that, in the Middle Ages, most men, of what would now be called the upper classes, knew little beyond the arts of war or of hunting; and that, in the times of the Renaissance, such men learned something of the more refined pleasures of literature, if only in the form of the ancient classics. Much,

however, as the literary education of the wealthy and of the well-to-do may have been neglected during the centuries preceding the Renaissance, it would be a mistake to suppose that the study of the classics was then a new thing. If what are sometimes called the Renaissance Popes of the sixteenth century were well versed in classical literature, so also had been Pope Gregory the Great, a thousand years earlier; if Greek was well-nigh forgotten in the schoolroom for hundreds of years, boys were made to study the Latin authors, Virgil, Horace, Sallust, and Statius, in the ninth century; and we read of their studying the same writers, with Ovid, Cicero and Quintilian, and even the Greek author Lucian added, in the thirteenth. (See the treatises of P. Daniel and Mgr. Landriot.) Cardinal Newman goes further, and says (*Lecture on Christianity and Letters*), that "the Classics, and the subjects of thought and the studies to which they give rise . . . . have ever, on the whole, been the instruments of education which the civilized *orbis terrarum* has adopted; just as the inspired works, and the articles of faith, and the catechism, have ever been the instrument of education in the case of Christianity."

It must not be inferred, from what has been already said, that in this essay a brief is being held in defence of the Renaissance. Far from it. No attempt is being made to conceal the evils resulting from the Renaissance, or, what are almost as much to the purpose, the evils prevalent during the period of the Renaissance.

The revival of a taste for the finest literature of Greece and of Rome, the cultivation of a scientific perception and appreciation of the most splendid sculpture that the world has ever known, and the refining discipline of a trenchant study of the Latin and the Greek languages, were all excellent things in themselves. Unfortunately the atmosphere in which they existed, during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, was in many cases most debasing; nor was that the only period in which classical studies have been the means of doing harm, not through anything intrinsically wrong in themselves, but through the manner and method of their presentment. Cardinal Newman wrote —*not* of the Renaissance—"The drift and meaning of a branch of knowledge varies with the company in which it is introduced to the student. If his reading is confined simply to one subject, however such division of labour may favour the advancement of a particular pursuit, a point into which I do not here enter, certainly it has a tendency to contract his mind. If it is incorporated with others, it depends on those others as to the kind of influence which it exerts upon him. Thus the classics, which in England are the means of refining the taste, have in France subserved the spread of revolutionary and deistical doctrines."[1] And when

[1] Dublin Lecture on "The Bearing of other Branches of Knowledge on Theology." If any apology be needed for citing only one author, and that author several times, the reply must be that he has been so quoted because his remarks appear best suited to the purpose.

a study of the classics was accompanied by rampant immorality and intense worldliness, with a consequent decay of faith, the result of those classical studies, in too many instances, instead of refining the taste, was to increase the already prevailing licentiousness and to turn a mere conventional Catholicism into a sort of Neo-Paganism. It may be a question how far this accompaniment was a matter of cause and effect; for the newly discovered pagan ideal of life interfered with and modified the long-acknowledged Christian ideal; and, in the extension of their studies, men sought, and to some extent found, an intellectual sanction for a debased moral standard.

Cardinal Newman has just been quoted, when he was not dealing with the Renaissance; let him be heard again when speaking, if somewhat indirectly, of that incident and its times.[1]

"St. Philip lived in an age as traitorous to the interests of Catholicism as any that preceded it, or can follow it. He lived at a time when pride mounted high and the senses held rule; a time when kings and nobles never had more of state and homage, and never less of personal responsibility and peril; when medieval winter was receding, and the summer sun of civilization was bringing into leaf and flower a thousand forms of luxurious enjoyment; when a new world of thought and beauty had opened upon the human mind, in the discovery of the treasures of classic literature and art, dazzled by

[1] *Idea of a University*, p. 234 *seq.*

the enchantress, and drinking in the magic of her song; he saw the high and the wise, the student and the artist, painting and poetry, and sculpture, and music, and architecture, drawn within her range, and circling round the abyss: he saw heathen forms mounting thence, and forming in the thick air—all this he saw, and he perceived that the mischief was to be met, not with argument, not with science, not with protests and warnings, not by the recluse or the preacher, but by means of the great counter-fascination of purity and truth." Unlike other reformers, "he preferred to yield to the stream, and direct the current, which he could not stop, of science, literature, art, and fashion, and to sweeten and to sanctify what God made very good, and man had spoilt." Nor was St. Philip the only saint who tried to guide, rather than to arrest, the spirit of the Renaissance, for St. Charles Borromeo recommended the study of the works of Cicero, Virgil, Horace, and even Ovid!

It is probable that both the friends and the enemies of the Renaissance have made rather too much of it; that historians, in not a few instances, have attributed to its influence, character, conduct, and events which in reality were not directly caused by it, and that the Renaissance was more influenced by the times, than the times by the Renaissance. Like many other incidents in history, the Renaissance cannot truthfully be labelled as either distinctly good, or distinctly bad; and its very varying effects upon the world depended in a great

measure upon the manner in which men and women either used or abused it.

As to abuse, in the secondary and declamatory sense of that term, few great incidents have come in for more of it than the Renaissance. Everything evil that happened within a margin of a century or more has been laid at the door of the unhappy Renaissance, and much later corruptions have been attributed to its effects. It is unquestionable that during the period of the Renaissance there was much that was bad; few have been the periods of which the same might not be said; but the Renaissance, and the period of the Renaissance, are two distinct and different things. If we state that the reign of a certain king was the worst period in the history of his nation, the listener may perhaps infer that the king had probably been a bad king, although this would not necessarily follow; but he would have no right to assume that all the evils of his reign had been attributable to his misrule. Or, to reverse the comparison, we may freely admit that the period of Protestantism has been that of the greatest advancement in material prosperity, science, and invention that the world has ever known, yet we may at the same time deny that the credit of that advancement is due to Protestantism. On the other hand, many things happened during the so-called Ages of Faith for which Faith was in no sense responsible, even when they were perpetrated in its very name.

Special periods of almost every kind, be

their advantages what they may, have their own attendant dangers, and even what may be called their own besetting sins. Periods of plenty, periods of famine, periods of peace, and periods of war, have each their special perils, and even their special crimes. And, on the rare occasions when a great wave of religious fervour or awakening passes over a nation, how many and how hazardous are the contrary eddies which succeed or, it may be, accompany it!

Not the least dangerous of particular eras, are those distinguished for a rapid advance in refinement and luxury; and such an era was pre-eminently that of the Renaissance. The danger, however, of its refinements and luxuries was not owing to their classical character. So far as the objects of refinement are concerned, Gothic architecture, modern poetry, the latest Royal Academy statuary, and the newest developments of electro-plate, might lead to as much enervation, selfishness, and sensualism, as the five classical orders of architecture so odious to Ruskin, the Greek and Latin classics, the best antique sculpture, and the jewelled tazzas of Benvenuto Cellini.

In the picturesque group of curiosities frequently displayed by Protestants for the confusion of Catholics, such as the case of Galileo, the fires of Smithfield, Pope Joan, Bloody Mary, and the Inquisition, the scandals of the Renaissance are given a place of high honour. "At any rate," say the champions of Protestantism, "you cannot get over those." Well, no veracious scandals can be got over; and

many of the scandals connected with the Renaissance, or its times, undoubtedly were but too veracious. There is, however, something else which cannot be got over, and that is one's parentage. Whatever moderate students may think of the Renaissance, both extremes, and perhaps only the extremes, among its friends and its enemies, consider its chief result to have been a tendency to free investigation, comparison, and personal selection, untrammelled by the opinions previously inculcated on the part of parents, pedagogues, and priests; in short, the exercise of private judgment as opposed to submission to authority. Such was eminently, indeed pre-eminently, the spirit of Protestantism, and it was during the period of the Renaissance that Protestantism came into being. Moreover, of the two, it is far more probable that the Renaissance was the parent of Protestantism than that it was the cause of the scandals, clerical as well as lay, of the fifteenth and the sixteenth centuries; therefore, Protestants who throw stones at Catholics, respecting the Renaissance, do so from the doorways of crystal palaces.

The Renaissance has fallen into considerable ill repute by means of the claims made upon it by free-thinkers. They would proudly father all the free thought, agnosticism, and infidelity of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries upon the Renaissance of the fifteenth and sixteenth. Now the case of free-thought, in its relation to the Renaissance, is very different from that of Protestantism. Protestantism existed

before the close of what is usually termed the period of the Renaissance pretty much in the forms in which it exists at the present day; but the free thought and the atheism of the two last centuries widely differ in character from the unbelief of the fifteenth and sixteenth; nor is the Renaissance in any large degree responsible for their birth or their development.

It is surprising, again, that the Renaissance should be claimed as the resurrection of a defunct affection for the classics, and as the inauguration of free speaking concerning the doings of ecclesiastics, in the face of the writings of Dante, who died a hundred years before the earliest date that can fairly be assigned to the Renaissance: writings in which he claimed Virgil as his master and assigned Popes—among them one who was afterwards canonized—as well as priests, monks and nuns, to the inner circles of the Inferno.

Perilous as is the undisciplined and vicious exercise of the intellect, its exercise, even its laborious exercise, with good intentions and under due control, is not only healthful, but also a medium for the attainment of the highest sanctity. It was during the period of the Renaissance that this truth appears to have been fully recognized for the first time. In their system of Spiritual Exercises, the Jesuits invited the votaries of the newly fangled, or at least the recently revived, fashion for mental as contrasted with physical activity, to higher flights of the intellect than any suggested to

their minds by the works of the ancient pagans. But the question of the extent to which it may reasonably be said that the early Jesuits were indebted to the Renaissance, is too delicate and complicated to be dealt with here.

Something has already been said about another delicate question, namely, the ever-raging Battle of the Styles; and it is only referred to again, here, to enable the writer to say that, while his own taste is in favour of Gothic, he admits the weakness, if weakness it be, of feeling considerable impatience, when he hears the architecture, the Church furniture, or the ecclesiastical vestments of Renaissance style—a style which has met with the approval of many Popes and the toleration of far more—described as unchristian, mundane and pagan, and as savouring of what some pretend to have been the worst and the most scandalous times to which, in the providence of God, He has ever allowed His Church to be subjected.

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FATHER CUTHBERT'S CURIOSITY CASE.

CHAPTER IV.

"THE choice of two military chaplains to be Bishops is," said Father Cuthbert, "an event so out of the ordinary, that I suppose you'll want me to tell you a story in some way or another connected with the army?"

"That's just what I've come about," I replied. "You must have, in that wonderful case of curiosities of yours, some little memento of deeds of daring and heroism."

"Well, as you see, there are several war medals. Perhaps some day you shall hear the history of those who wore them, and how they came into my possession. For the present I have something much more interesting. It is a decoration that all brave military men covet—only a few gain it—and to wear it is to be a true hero among men! It is one of my latest curiosities, and came into my possession quite recently. As we have a little time to spare, I will tell you the story of

The Victoria Cross."

Bat Hayes and Tom Curtin were boys together in the same standard in our school. They were of quite opposite natures. Bat was a burly boy, as strong as a young

athlete, and had not much love for learning. He was, however, a shrewd lad with a retentive memory, so book-knowledge came easy to him, though he always preferred a good game to an instruction. He gloried in his strength ; he was a wild, young, untamed animal. When he came into the infant school he fought all the bigger boys, and many a complaint was lodged against little Bat. Later on, in the boys' school, the same reckless spirit seized him, and by brute force he made himself a sort of hero among his companions.

But he was by no means a bad sort of a fellow. He was generous to a remarkable extent, and what he had he would willingly share with the other boys. He was continually getting into scrapes. One thing he wouldn't take the trouble to do, and that was to think. "Bat," I had often said to him, "why did you do that?" "I didn't think, Father," he would answer. He was a reckless harum-scarum boy, whose nature you had only to scratch, and the savage—noble, strong and faithful indeed, but still the untamed savage—appeared.

Tom was quite the opposite in nature and appearance to Bat. He was tall and wiry, and took great pains with all he did. He was a noble-minded boy, loving his games and all outdoor amusements; but one who gave no trouble. He learnt slowly, but he learnt well. Prize-days always found Tom with several rewards. He was a general favourite, and strange as it may appear, he and Bat were great chums. There is often much sympathy in natures which are apparently opposed to each other.

Tom and Bat were both servers at the altar. The latter was very trying in the sacristy; and many a time he was threatened suspension if he didn't keep quiet. I remember the late Cardinal Manning remarking about the Catholic altar boys, "God bless the little urchins! why shouldn't they be at home in their Father's House? It is a blessing," he added, "which you and I never knew." He was referring to that great privilege of serving in the sanctuary. All I can say of Bat is, that he was very much at home in the church and sanctuary. I remember on one occasion he was serving my Mass at one of the side altars, when a dog got into the church and was creating a little disturbance. It was just at the Offertory. "Go," I said, "and turn that dog out." "Yes, Father," said Bat. Off he went in high glee. There was a yelping, and then a dead silence; when lo! my young friend appeared by my side, and holding the dog by the scruff of the neck at arm's length, exclaimed in triumph "Here he is, Father!" "Take him out at once," I said. Bat obeyed, and returned to his serving.

The boys left school. Tom got a nice situation with a large firm and did well. He was attentive to his duties and we saw him regularly among the servers on the Sunday, and oftentimes on the weekday evenings. He was a member of our athletic club, and still loved games and outdoor amusements. These, however, he never permitted to interfere with his more serious duties. Bat, for a time, kept pretty regular to his church. He could not keep a situation long, but passed from one employment to another. He was still the same restless, reckless fellow—

the boy developing into the man. He got himself into trouble for playing pitch and toss on a Sunday afternoon. He was also "run in" for severely punishing a man who had called him a "wretched Irish idolator." When he was at liberty again he came to see me. "Father, you know I couldn't stand that kind of a thing—especially as he commenced to abuse our Blessed Mother—so I went for the fellow. It was worth three weeks 'hard.' I reckon he won't abuse a Roman again, especially if that Roman is an Irishman. He's learnt his lesson. Father, will you look out for another place for me?"

And so time went on. One day Tom came to me, and told me, much to my amazement, that he intended to join the army. "I'm going into the ranks, Father, and I think I shal do well. You know I'm almost a teetotaler and there's little Annie Devine to think of—we've been sweethearts ever since our school days—and so I'll have something to work for. Besides, I'm sure my religion, if I don't neglect it, will keep me straight. At all events I'm going to make a shot at it. And then you see, Father, I've been talking it over with Sergeant Sullivan——"

"Ah, I see how it is, my boy," I answered. The good old drill sergeant was an excellent Catholic and a fine soldier, who had seen much service with the colours. "Well, Tom, I'm sorry to lose you from the sanctuary and choir. The Church and the congregation will miss you, but the army will be the gainer. Be a good fellow and stick to your religious duties."

"I promise you, Father, I'll try my best!"

So Tom went off and 'listed.

Nine months after this I had a visit from Sergeant Sullivan, who informed me that he had come to speak to me about Bat Hayes. "Bat, your Reverence," he began, "is a rough and ready fellow, with plenty of pluck, lots of daring and a strong chap too, and just cut out for a soldier. I've been persuading him to join. There's his old chum, Tom, getting on splendidly, and all his mates talking about him. Well, I think it will be best for Bat to join Tom's company. He'll never do well in civil life, he isn't cut out for it; he can't keep a place for any length of time, so I've persuaded him to try his luck as a soldier."

"But, sergeant," I urged, "you know lately he hasn't been quite so steady as usual, and for him you know what that means. In the army, drink is the great curse. Don't you think it may develop if he gets among a lot of fellows more reckless than himself?"

"Give him a chance, Father! I've told him to come up and see you. He says he's almost ashamed, you've been so kind and good to him. Now, even that, I take it, isn't a bad sign. I think camp discipline and Tom's example—you know what your Reverence is always saying about example—will keep him pretty straight, if anything can."

"Send him to me, and I'll see what I can do."

"Thanks, your Reverence!" and with a military salute and a cheery "Good day, Father," the sergeant departed.

Bat came, and we had a long long talk about the past,

present and future. I gave him a rosary and a medal—for of course he had lost his—and a prayer book. He went off in good spirits, and after some time came up to show me how he looked in his uniform; he was mighty proud of it I can tell you. A finer and more manly fellow you wouldn't clap eyes on in a day's journey; his well-built and strong frame showed to perfection under his scarlet tunic.

Some years had passed and Tom had risen by rapid promotion to the rank of colour-sergeant. A more respected man there wasn't in the regiment. As for Bat—well, he was still the same careless fellow as usual. Happy fellow well met with everybody. He was a great favourite with his Company. At athletic sports and gymnastic exercises none could beat him. He was a young lion in strength and in courage, but withal he was as gentle as a kitten unless he was roused. It can be easily imagined that he was still one of the rank and file. When he got his good stripes, he got himself messed up in rows or sometimes transgressed in the way of drink, and had the misfortune to be always found out.

"You see, Father, it's just my luck; I'm afraid I shall never make much good of anything," he said one day in explanation to me. "Yes; I know Tom is an example to me and to all the boys—but we ain't all Tom Curtins; worse luck for us. There's Tom, now, married to the best little girl in your whole parish, Annie Devine, and he richly deserves her; and I wish him every joy and

happiness and continued good luck—but his luck is his luck and it isn't mine. Well, perhaps I'll get steadier some day and do some good work before I die. Pray for me, Father, for our Company's off to India in a week or so, and I mayn't see you again. I've got the big medal of Our Lady you gave me, and I always wear it. I'll keep as straight as poor old Bat can—and I know Tom has told you he's leaving Annie and their little one behind, and probably, as she'll be coming up to live with her mother in your parish, you'll hear of us; and I know you'll be kind to the little one and Tom's wife, and I'll look after Tom for his own and for Annie's sake. Ah! it does a scapegrace like me good to see two I've known from my schooldays so happy. I'm bad enough as it is, Heaven knows what I should be if it weren't for Tom's kindness to me and his good example!"

And so the two friends went to India.

One of our little wars had broken out. The hill tribes had risen, and you remember the Afridis caused us a good deal of trouble, and a fair number of lives were sacrificed in that expedition before the tribesmen were conquered and reduced to obedience. It was not long before Tom's company was ordered to the front.

It was hard fighting, and heavy marching over that hilly country, through passes and mountain ravines. The ground favoured those mountain warriors, and many of our men who escaped the perils of the conflict were shot down by those fearless hillmen who harrassed the camp by night and the march by day.

It was a dark night. The men had had little rest or sleep as there were frequent calls to arms. They were in the very midst of the enemy, and hoped soon to drive the Afridis to a fight in the open or to storm some position which they held as a stronghold and thus break their power. Early morn saw the brigade on the march.

"This is a bold stroke we're making, Bat," said Tom, in little above a whisper. "and some of us will go down. If I'm among them, say all kind things to Annie, and tell her my last thoughts were about her and the little one, and thank Father Cuthbert for all his kindness; and—— Bat, promise me, and do be steady."

"If we both get safe out of this, Tom, I promise you that I will do my very best. Come along, old boy, there seems to be some stir ahead."

Crack, crack went the rifles: and there was indeed much stir and excitement.

The Company was advancing along a narrow valley getting narrower as they advanced upwards, with huge boulders of rock and great patches of bush to the right and the left of them. Their Captain and a few men had somewhat out-distanced them. They heard a sudden yell of the tribesmen as from their shelter behind they sprang upon those in advance.

It seemed to be but the work of a few moments. The long knives of the Afridis were flashing and the ring of their rifles above, and whiz and thud of the leaden messengers of death told the men that they were hurrying to the thick of the fight.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Bat, "the Captain's down! Tom—boys—let's at 'em! Hurry up!"

Like a young lion he had bounded forward and seemed almost by some irresistible force to be impelled onward, clearing large pieces of fallen rock and dashing upward to where the Captain was. The rest followed quickly. As the company pressed on and reached the enemy, they saw Bat standing over his fallen officer and felling them with the butt-end of his rifle. They went down before him and the Captain's life was saved. They carried their wounded officer to the rear, and the company pressed onward and upward slaughtering the enemy as they advanced to meet them.

Bat was once more by Tom's side, but soon, on account of the unevenness and peculiarity of the ground, they got again separated. It was a hand to hand fight, and many a brave fellow never lived to tell the story of that battle.

Tom and a few gallant men had got a little separated, and suddenly another party of the enemy rose from their ambush, and almost surrounded them.

"Where's Sergeant Curtin!" asked Bat of a companion. But at the same time he saw his friend's peril and the peril of those with him. "Now's our time, lads," he cried. As he suddenly swooped down on those sturdy Afridis he set his teeth and said "Here goes for Annie's sake."

It was a wild fight—a horrible slaughter. Those who saw Bat, say they will never forget it. It was his favourite way of fighting at close quarters. No one knows how he did it. He swung his rifle like a stick and clubbed the men

right and left. He was through the compact mass, followed by the rest, he was at Tom's side, and his friend was saved.

The glory of that day—of brilliant fight and victory—is written in the annals of British heroism, and a grateful country did not forget the man whose powers and heroism had saved his captain's life and rescued his comrades in the moment of perilous need. Bat Hayes was recommended for and received the Victoria Cross.

Bat was sent home invalided. He had received several wounds, and the wear and tear of the conflict had brought on fever. He was very bad, but recovered and came to England. Tom was to return in six months. His name, too, had been honourably mentioned and promotion, of course, followed.

Soon after his arrival and rest in the hospital, Bat came to see me. He was looking older, and he seemed much more staid and steady in manner. He told me the story of the day's fight, when he won the Victoria Cross.

"It was a glorious moment," he said, "when those brave hillsmen were beaten back. I felt happy to be able to help our good captain; but my proudest moment was when I was by Tom's side, and had helped to save him from the yelling crowds that were surrounding him. Annie, I knew, would hear of it, and she'd say to her darling little one 'Uncle Bat has helped to save daddy's life.' You know, Father, as a boy I always liked little Annie; and although she doesn't know it, I'd have liked

her to have been my wife. But she has a noble husband who has brought her happiness and honour, and I should, probably, have brought her only misery and shame. It is so much best as it is. By the way, Father, you remember my saying I'd like the big medal of Our Lady, in preference to the little silver one you offered me? Well, on that day of the big fight, I had a narrow escape, I can tell you; and it wasn't till victory was ours, and we were talking over matters around our camp fires, that I realized what a squeak I'd had. You know that many of these Afridis were armed with Remingtons. They are capital shots. I found out, afterwards, that a bullet had struck me, torn my tunic and shirt and then glanced off from my medal, just grazing the skin. Wasn't that a narrow escape?"

"And have you kept steady since," I asked.

He proudly pointed to his corporal stripes, and said "Never has a drop of intoxicating drink passed my lips, except by way of medicine in hospital, since the day that Tom and I came safe out of that terrible fight. I remember that night, when we were in camp and I had found out my wonderful escape, my old companions and the officers drank my health. 'Won't you take a drink, lad, yourself?' they asked. So I stood up and said: 'Gentlemen, boys, drink has been my curse. I promised when we went into to-day's fight, that if I came out I'd have no more of it. Water is good enough for some of the best men in the company, and the army for that; and for the time to come, with Heaven's help, it shall be good enough

for me. Don't tempt me, boys, or my hot Irish blood may get the better of me.'" "And I suppose they laughed at you," I said. "Not they!" he answered; "they looked a little surprised, and several shouted 'bravo,' but they've none of them ever asked me to have a drink with them since that time. I'm a strict teetotaler now, and hope to remain so. It was the only thing for the likes of me. You always told us example was the best sermon. I know it is now; and my trying to be steady has helped other boys in the company, good honest fellows they are now, to turn over a new leaf. So you see, Father, at last your wild Bat has made a real start; and please God I won't disgrace myself, or my religion, again."

I rang the bell and had tea brought up for my young friend and myself. I am sure I don't know which of us was the happier, the heroic soldier or myself. We talked of the past, of the mission, of the future. At length he rose to go. "Father," he said, "I'm off now to see Annie and the little one. They are expecting a visit from Uncle Bat, as you know they call me. I've brought them some little presents, but I won't show them to you, I'll give Annie the pleasure of doing that, as I know she's one of your good children and glad of an excuse to have a chat with your Reverence. Good bye for the present, Father. I shall see you again soon. Many thanks for all your kindness and goodness to me. Perhaps I shall live to do a little good yet before I die."

"Good bye, my boy," I answered; "I'm proud of you; and by God's help you'll persevere."

It was not very long after Bat had left, that a messenger came in great haste from the hospital. A young soldier, in an unconscious state, had been brought into the accident ward. Nurse Sullivan, a Catholic in charge, thought he must be one of us, as he was wearing a medal of the Blessed Virgin. Would I go at once?

When I entered the ward I found that the patient had recovered consciousness, and that the doctors did not apprehend any immediate danger. To my great amazement and sorrow, I discovered that the patient was no other than my good young hero, Bat Hayes. After attending to him spiritually I told him to keep himself very quiet, and promised to come round again and see him as soon as possible.

From his own after account, and the story of bystanders, I learnt the following particulars of the brave man's accident.

He was on his way to see Tom's wife and child, and to give them their little presents, when he heard a cry of fire and saw a little crowd hurrying in the direction in which he was going. He hurried along with them, not noticing indeed which way they were going. As they approached he saw a little packed crowd standing in front of a house from which smoke was issuing, especially from the ground floor and basement windows. A woman in the crowd cried, "Save my daughter, she is upstairs; save my daughter!"

Bat soon pushed his way through the crowd. "You stupid idiots," he cried, "why don't you help," and he

dashed at the door. It was fastened; but he flung his whole weight against it, and it flew inwards. He heard a voice crying for help. In a moment he was lost to the crowd, and the dense smoke rolled out of the open door. It was not long before he appeared bearing in his arms the form of the woman whom he had rescued. It was not really long, but to that mute and astonished crowd it seemed an age. How they cheered when they saw him! He rubbed his eyes and looked at the face of the woman he was bearing—she had opened her eyes and was saying "Oh, my little child, save her; my little child." It was Annie Curtin. He gave her into the care of the crowd. A great heart and a brave spirit takes no time to ask questions, but grasps at once the situation of danger and never hesitates. He had dashed once more up the burning staircase; so they told the firemen who had just arrived with the escape and engine. These men lost no time in fixing the escape and in breaking-in the first floor windows. Just then Bat appeared. He handed the little child, wrapped in a blanket, to the fireman, and then struggled out on to the sill of the window. He heard a mighty deafening cheer and saw the dense crowd. But that was the last he heard, the last he saw, of the scene in which he was playing the hero's part; his brain reeled, his foot slipped, and he fell into the street beneath.

I visited my brave boy, Bat—for he loved to be called my boy, and he would often say "Well, after all, I'm your boy still." He was most resigned and full of grati-

tude. He won the love of all who nursed him and cared for him. Doctors and nurses were loud in his praise. "He must suffer a great deal," said the physician to me one day; "But he never complains, scarce ever murmurs. I've often seen him, when he hasn't known I was watching him, clench his hands and set his teeth, and with closed eyes, his white lips move as though in prayer; then great drops of perspiration stand out on his forehead. Yes, I'm sure he suffers a lot, but he will scarcely let on. We can't save him."

When I used to speak to him about his pains he would say: "Yes, Father, it's a bit awful at times, but then I've seen better fellows than I am suffer ten times more And see all the comforts and care and kindness I have. I know you are praying for me, and the people, and you said you'd asked the prayers of the children of the dear old school, so I've everything,"

The end drew nigh. It had been a time of patient suffering. All the grand qualities of the hero's nature manifested themselves on that bed of pain.

"Father," said my brave boy, "I've seen Annie this morning, and she brought the youngster to see poor Uncle. But I think it's the last time. The good nuns who come to visit me here are so kind. They comforted Annie, and she and the little darling bade me good-bye—and the sweet innocent put her little arms about my neck, and said: "Don't cry, Uncle Bat, mother says God will take you to heaven for all you've done." Then the child kissed me again. I must have been very weak—perhaps I fainted—

but I thought I saw a very beautiful Mother with a lovely Child who stretched His tiny hands and said: "Welcome home!" I awoke; the nurses and the nuns were around my bed, but Annie and her child had gone. Father, take my Victoria Cross and put it in your Curiosity Case—and sometimes tell my story to the boys of the dear old school. Perhaps it may make some of them try, at least better than I have tried, to be brave lads—it may encourage the bad ones to try again—it may be a lesson to them that it's never too late to turn over a new leaf. If I hadn't given up the drink and tried to be steady, chances are a hundred to one that I shouldn't have been on the spot to save Annie and her dear little one."

Tears came into Bat's lustrous eyes and fell down his cheeks. He stopped awhile and controlled his emotions.

"Don't mind me, Father, I'm very weak just now," he continued, as I pressed his hand. "I am going home! It will soon be all over. I've been a wild, reckless fellow and missed many and many a chance. The good nuns have read to me some of the prayers in your little book—and I've never, thank God, denied the Faith! Ah! that is a beautiful prayer—they are all beautiful prayers. If you're near me when the end is coming, and I'm really dying, I know you'll read them over me."

"Shall I read just that little one now."

"Yes, Father, it comforts and consoles me so, you can't think."

I read: "Remember, O Lord, he is Thy creature, not made by strange gods, but by Thee, the only loving and

true God. . . . Let his soul rejoice in Thy presence, and remember not his former iniquities and excesses which he has fallen into through the violence of passion and the corruption of his nature. For although he has sinned, yet he has always believed in the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost: he has had a zeal for Thy honour, and faithfully adored Thee as his God and the Creator of all things."

"No, Father," he broke in, "not faithfully! I've been a harum-scarum, rough and tumble kind of fellow. I've been a real wild chap—a bad son of the Church—but perhaps God will accept my worthless life—perhaps He will—with all the pains which are nearly over now—and I leave myself in His hands who has always cared for me and loved me. God has been so good to me: given me good friends, bodily health and strength, and a heart which never knew what it was to fear man. I wish I had feared God more. I fear Him now, but I trust Him more than I fear Him. I know all you have told me that He said, and I just take Him at His word. I don't deserve all His goodness—I can only do one thing, and that with all trust and willingness I do. I give back to Him freely the life He gave to me."

These were his sentiments expressed in his own way. It was a beautiful death, that death of my brave boy. A strong life battling till the last.

Conscious almost to the very end, his whole being seemed absorbed in that beautiful thought so encouragingly put in Father Faber's hymn:

"O, is there a thought in the wide world so sweet
As that God has so cared for us, bad as we are,
That He thinks for us, plans for us, stoops to entreat,
And follows us, wander we ever so far?"

Listening to the beautiful prayers that he had come to love so well his spirit passed away. The wild boy, the brave boy, the true hero, the grand penitent who had given his life for his friends, had gone, we all trusted, to hear the sweet voice of the gentle Master exclaim "Welcome Home."

They gave him a grand military funeral, as befitted his heroic deeds. At the grave I spoke briefly of his life, his heroism, and his death. Tears were in many an eye that had forgotten what it was to weep; and at the open grave there came a throb, a warm wondrous throb of love, which was not of earth, into many a heart which had grown cold and hardened in a careless world. The words of the voice are but sounds; the voice of example is as thunder.

CHAPTER V.

One of my greatest pleasures is to discuss with my good friend Father Cuthbert questions of Natural History. Many have been the interesting conversations we have had on the subject of domestic pets. Together we often revisit Petland and review the pleasures we have each found in the affection and fidelity of the animal creation. Those who have themselves experienced the confidence of these little friends in fur or feathers delight to hear any new story of such friendships. On one occasion my friend, pointing to a photograph of a coster's donkey and cart, beside which stood a little girl, related to me the following story of

"Sally."

My first introduction to Sally came about in this way. I was taking the census of a certain portion of the Mission. In a very comfortable and scrupulously clean little room I was seated with my book and pencil ready, and asked the question :

"Let me see, how many are you in family?"

"Why you know, Father, there are four of us."

"Four of you? I thought there were only three."

"Well, you see, Father, it's this way: there's me and the missus—that's two—and little Minnie there—that's three—and Sally—that's four."

"And who on earth is Sally?" I asked.

"Why, have you never seen our Sally? Oh, she is a little beauty, she is, I can tell you. Sally is our dear little moke; and if you only knew her as we know her, you'd understand how she's a regular one of the family. Isn't she, Minnie?" asked Tom Morley, addressing his little child.

"Yes, Father Cuthbert," said the little one; "and we do love her, all of us, don't we, mother?"

It was evident that Sally was a great pet with Tom and his wife, Bridget, and their frail little daughter.

"When Sally came over from old Ireland," said Morley, "She wasn't much bigger than Bill Robbin's big dog. But she's grown considerable since then, and a better donkey there isn't in all London. She has her likes and dislikes, has Sall, and as for boys, well, she simply can't abear 'em. I s'pose as how they must have ill-treated her somehow or other—perhaps when she was a little un—anyhow she can't abear 'em. But little girls she don't mind at all: in fact, she seems to have quite a liking for them, and as for our little Minnie, why, she can do just what she likes with her. I've always taught the child to be kind to animals—and it came quite natural like for her to be kind to Sally. You can do anything with donkeys, Father, if you're only kind to 'em, and treat 'em as you ought to treat 'em. That's my experience."

"And have you never found Sally stubborn?" I asked.

"Stubborn! Lor bless you, no, she ain't stubborn, but she has a bit of a will of her own, I can tell you—and she's that artful, she knows what's what, and no mistake."

"But people say that donkeys are so stupid."

"Stoopid?" rejoined Tom, with a hearty laugh, and clapping his hands on his knees. "Well, that is a corker! Stoopid? I wish them as calls Sally stoopid was only just half as cute as she is. Why, when you come round and has a look at her little stable, you'll see as how I've had to put a padlock on the door of the little place where we keeps the hay and the oats. Sally was that knowing that she soon found out how to lift the latch and go in and help herself without asking why and wherefore. And she didn't forget to shut the door after her as some wiser folks does. We wondered how on earth the hay and the oats went, and where they went to, till one day we found Sally helping herself. Stoopid? Well, well, them as calls donkeys stoopid don't know what they're talking about—them's my sentiments."

It was not long before I made a visit with Tom Morley to Sally's stable. This was my first introduction to the pet of the Morley family. The stable was a picture of comfort and cleanliness: the little home of the coster was reflected in the home of his donkey, his good and faithful companion. The fresh straw, the airy ventilated little stall, the bright harness and the well-appointed barrow, all told the good man who loved the beast who shared with him his labour and his toil. And Sally was

indeed a beauty. They say people sometimes fall in love at first sight, and I must own that Sally captivated me, and won my esteem, admiration and affection. Her light grey coat was sleek and shining, the limbs were well proportioned and the black cross on her back and sides was marked and distinct. She was a perfect specimen of a well cared for, and well fed animal-help of a kind master. In Morley's words, "She was a beauty, and no mistake."

"Sally," said Tom, "here's his Reverence coming; ain't you pleased to see him?"

Up went the head, there was an almost intelligent light in the eyes, a motion in the ears and a quiver of the body as Sally replied by a prolonged hee-haw, which rose and fell till it eventually subsided into a not unmelodious bass, so low that it seemed to proceed from underground.

"You see you are welcome, Father," said Tom; then turning to his faithful donkey he said "I think them there boys are coming, Sally."

Sally stiffened herself, bent back her ears, slyly glanced with a backward glance of the eye, gave a perky twitch with her tail; then came just a little quiver of the body, and a slight and sudden motion of the hind legs.

Minnie Morley was a very delicate child of nine years of age. Her pale face and lustrous dark eyes spoke eloquently of the cruel disease which was at work in the little frame. She was a chéerful child and, like many another who suffered from consumption, was remarkably intelligent. Her long hair was of a light-brown shade, and

seemed shot with gold. It was a sight never to be forgotten to see that little child with her arms around the neck of the faithful animal. Sally seemed to feel the influence of the child, by whom she was petted and allowed herself to be coaxed and persuaded easily. As Tom expressed it "She can do what she likes with Sally can Minnie ; that she can !"

On Sundays the child used to go out with her father. While he proceeded on foot, she was carried by Sally. A friend of theirs, a carriage maker by trade, had built a novel kind of a side saddle, which always reminded me of an Irish jaunting-car, and on this the child sat. The animal seemed proud of her burden, and stepped out with a firm and steady step. Often on week days, too, as the child grew weaker, her father would place her in the front of his well-arranged and tidy barrow, and Sally never resented the extra burden she had to carry. The coster, with his frail child and handsome donkey, was always welcomed on his round, and many a little delicacy was bestowed by the customers who knew them so well and spoke so highly of them.

But the little frame of the child grew weaker, the eye brighter and the mind stronger. She was dying the "death of the predestinate." The soul seemed to shine through her features, and the frail form was almost transformed by an inner light. Who has not watched the progress of that wondrous disease which seems to change the child almost into a woman, and in a few quick short months to develop marvellously the soul's faculties. It was only on very bright

and sunny days that the little girl could now enjoy a brief ride, and receive the devoted services of the faithful Sally.

"You'd be surprised, Father," said Tom, "if you saw the difference there is with Sally when our little one is with me. She does seem pleased to hear the youngster's voice, and proud to have her with us. Them two understands each other in a way that's most amazing! When Sally hears me coming, she pricks up her ears and looks round and then straight at me as much as to say 'Where's Minnie?" And when we go round to the house and the child is brought down and puts her little thin arms round Sally's neck, and gives her a kiss and a bit of sugar or some carrot; well, it makes the tears come into my eyes, it does!"

It was evident that the end was coming quickly to the patient little sufferer. She was growing very weak and very frail. As Tom said "There was scarcely nothing left of her." But the mind was bright and the intelligence keen. I need not dwell on the beauty of the closing days in the life of that delicate human flower which bloomed so brightly in the close air of that side street. When the sun shone very warmly, and the child could bear it, they brought Sally round from her stable, and Minnie into the street for a few brief minutes. But when the child said she was "so tired; oh, so tired!" they took her in and laid her exhausted on her little bed. Strengthened with all the rites of Holy Church—living already more in the great unseen world than in the present—the frail child neared her end.

"Don't cry, mammy," she said one day; "and father,"

she added turning to Tom, "will you do something for me when I'm gone home? I mean when I am dead."

We listened then to Minnie's strange request.

"When you take me to bury me, will you promise to put my little coffin on Sally's back, and let her carry me to my grave?"

They promised their darling child, and she was happy.

The sun was setting over the great city. A rosy gleam seemed to pervade the little chamber of death. A great light lit up the wondrous eyes of the child, and a brightness shone on her face; the hair seemed to emit rays of gold; the weak voice whispered "Good bye!" The treasure had been taken by angels' hands back to its Master and its Lord; and the empty beautiful casket was all that remained to the surviving parents in that darkening room.

They carried out the child's last wish. Faithful Sally followed the hearse to the cemetery—fitted with a strange saddle. The little coffin of polished wood, with silver nails and fittings, was placed upon this saddle and thus carried to the grave. It was a strange sight, and a novel one, but it was a child's request, and we felt that we must carry out the simple desire.

Poor Sally! did she realize the burden she was carrying—who shall say? Who can tell the senses and the strange faculties with which such animal natures are gifted?

Poor Sally! She never seemed the same again. Within a year her gentle life of usefulness was ended. Sally, was dead.

CHAPTER VI.

"WORLDLINESS is the great obstacle to conversions to the Catholic Faith in this country," remarked Father Cuthbert to me the other day. "If Catholics were less worldly the work of conversion would go on apace. By their works you shall know them. Many and many a soul is kept out of the Church by the worldly example of those who are bound to give good example. Men don't judge of our religion so much by the beautiful logical conclusions of its truths and the natural result of its ceremonial worship. They are led to enquire and to be drawn to Truth by the sweet unworldly lives of good Catholics, who live in the world, and are yet not of the world. The human race longs for sympathy, and the cold worldly hearts of Catholics can never attract it. The smoking flax gives no heat—the bruised reed is not much of a staff and stay. 'Alas for poor human nature!' wrote the late Father Dalgairns. 'When once the soul is entangled in the giddy vortex of the world, it clings with a tenacity to it, which is perfectly marvellous, and the result is a character utterly spoiled and a heart thoroughly corrupt.'

"I'll tell you a little story which illustrates what I mean

—how worldliness hinders God's work of conversion. But," added Father Cuthbert with a smile, "grace is stronger than the world, and God works in His own way; and His Truth remains and prevails in spite of the obstacles placed by worldly Catholics."

So he told me the story of

The Indian War Medal.

The Upjohns lived in a pretty villa on the banks of the Thames. They had struggled into an independent position in life, and were well received by the polite society in their immediate neighbourhood. John Upjohn had proved the truth—in his case at least—that there was nothing like leather. He had amassed a not inconsiderable fortune in the boot trade. His good wife had been a well-to-do tradesman's daughter, and soon after her marriage with honest John she became a Catholic. Providence had blessed them with only one child. John was a handsome man, and his wife was a fine woman and well looking: their daughter was a beautiful girl. It is needless to say that Lucy being an only child, bright and intelligent and very beautiful, with all her whims and fancies satisfied by over-indulgent parents, grew up somewhat spoilt. She received her education at one of the most successful convent schools in a bright and cheery spot where the ever-extending suburbs of the great metropolis straggle into the country.

Lucy grew up very talented, somewhat silent and reserved

and cold in manner, but remarkably beautiful. When she was twenty-three years of age she married Colonel Larch, of the Fernshire Buffs. It was a good marriage as far as the world goes, and Lucy received the congratulations of her many friends, and useful and useless presents in abundance. The Colonel, not a Catholic, was one of those open-hearted men that we so frequently meet in everyday life—men with little or no religious feelings displayed to the world, but with large, kind hearts. They have never been under the influence of a living Faith, and therefore their kindly nature goes out in affection to things of sense. Soon after their marriage the Colonel's regiment went to India, and thither journeyed the newly married couple.

Some few years passed. John Upjohn and his wife were dead. The pretty little villa on the Thames had passed into strange hands. The Colonel and his beautiful wife were still in India. They had no children.

Colonel Larch I had never met. His wife I had not seen since she was a girl at the convent where at times I visited the good Reverend Mother and the devoted nuns. Lucy never communicated with them, and they had not heard from her since her marriage. This clever and refined woman had her own views of her responsibility and work in the world. She practised her religion in her own peculiar way, and when she became known to the Catholic clergy she informed the priests where she happened to be that she did not wish them to call upon her. All her surroundings and the whole atmosphere in which she lived

was protestant worldliness ; there was a refined and educated imitation of polished ungodliness in her whole being and her everyday life. The beautiful woman attracted to her the polite society by which she was environed, and her husband was exceedingly proud of the mighty fine lady whom he called his wife. He was devoted to her and never spared her the satisfaction of a wish or whim.

It so chanced that General Larch, for such was his rank then, and his wife came to live in the aristocatic part of our mission. I found it out in this way ; one of the servants came to me and told me she was living in Silver Pheasant Square, and that her mistress was a Catholic. She said " Do not on any account visit her. It would be as much as my situation is worth if she even knew that I was a Catholic. She will not, if she knows it, have a Catholic in her service. No one but the cook knows about my religion. I have to keep it quiet." And so it happened that I heard some little news of the family. The General had left India invalided, and was in very poor health. They did not entertain many friends or give many late dinner parties ; but the lady, I was informed, seemed thoroughly to enjoy life—she was always out at balls, receptions, parties and entertainments of one kind or another : then there were her drives in the park, and the evening theatre. She saw little, very little, of her sick husband. It was true that he was waited on by a professional nurse and had all the care and attendance that money could procure ; but the sickroom had no attractions

for the woman whose grace and beauty were the theme of every gathering in the charmed circle of society. It is needless to say that our church was not aristocratic enough to attract this great lady.

To my great surprise one afternoon I received a little note from the General asking me if I would call round and see him at a stated time. Of course I kept the appointment, and then understood how it was that I had been asked to call.

"I have had a long letter from an old army comrade of mine," said the General, "who is now in India. He has married one who knows you well, Father Cuthbert, and he desired me to see you and give you all the news, as his wife tells me that your church is in this district." He then entered into a long conversation about his friend, and his friend's wife.

I sat down in the sick man's chamber and talked of things that I found most interesting to him.

"Ah!" he said, as I rose to go, "I am indeed delighted to have met you, Father Cuthbert. You will be surprised when I tell you, but you are the first Catholic priest I have ever talked with. My wife is a Catholic, but she has no Catholic friends, and her clergy have not visited us." I could, had I so wished, have told him the reason why. He continued, looking at the clock, "I declare we have been talking nearly an hour. It has been the most pleasant hour" he said, with a slight sigh, "I have spent for

a very very long time. If I am not asking too much of you, may I ask you to call again about this time as soon as you can. You have cheered me up greatly. Do come as soon as you can !"

With the exception of the mention of his wife's faith and that of the wife of his friend we had not mentioned the subject of religion. My old love for natural history came in splendidly : we talked of horses, dogs, elephants, tiger-hunts, pig-stalking and the rest. Then a little bit about the theatre in the days of our youth, and a little about our great Indian Empire, and the hand of the clock went swiftly round.

"You will come again soon, won't you ?" he said, as I left the sick room.

It is needless to say that I went again and again about the same hour of the day, and had a little talk of a quarter or half hour with the General. I never spoke to him on religious subjects at that time. I saw that all about animals interested him in the most wonderful manner, and I raked up all my experiences and anecdotes, and we got along famously together. One thing struck me, and that was that I had not seen his wife ; nor had he so far spoken of her except in the few brief words mentioned in our first interview.

"I am so glad you come to see me, Father Cuthbert," he said, at the end of my fifth visit, "You can't tell what a comfort it is to me to have found some one to talk to on subjects which occupy my mind a good deal. It is indeed

good of you to come. You do cheer me up wonderfully. To tell the truth I was getting frightfully low, and oh, so lonely! Do come to-morrow, for I want to have a long talk with you."

The next day he opened his heart to me, and told me all the cares and troubles of his life.

"I have everything that money can furnish. There is only one thing I need—sympathy. I am so lonely! My wife—she is beautiful; she is good, I firmly believe; but I am a poor broken-down man. When I was in health, wherever she went I went, if possible. I was then strong and hale and hearty, and my duty and my pleasure filled up my time. It was my great joy to see my beautiful wife admired and spoken well of. Perhaps I am selfish; but since I've been an invalid I have seen but little of my wife. She thinks me querulous and exacting. I don't want to interfere with her pleasures and plans, but it does seem hard. I've sometimes asked myself if she has any real love for me, or whether she is not simply a hard and selfish woman, sacrificing all to the pleasures of the life she lives in society.

"I know nothing of her religion. I have had first-rate men in my regiment who were Catholics—but of the religion I know nothing. Do you think God will accept a poor fellow like me? I have never been a religious man, and scarcely said a prayer in my life; but I've tried to do my duty to my fellow man. I hope no one will be able to stand up and say I've injured them willingly. At school I had no religious teaching. The grim black tablets on

which were written the Commandments, the Lord's Prayer and the Creed, were my idea of Christianity. I never troubled myself, and was never troubled, about religion. I'm getting weaker, I know, and nearer my end. I often ask myself, 'If God is a God of Love, will He receive me? Shall I live again in some other world, or come back here for another chance? For I've never thought of Him or loved Him here in this life; and but for you I should have passed away, lonely."

He then gave me a brief history of his life.

When I opened to him the beauty of the Catholic Faith and the love of God for His creatures, and the easy and sweet service of a good Catholic, he exclaimed "O my poor wife; how cruel you've been to me! Had I but known all this, how sweet and beautiful our lives would have been. Oh, what have you robbed me of?"

I explained to him that it was not too late, and that God would accept the cheerful offering of what he had left him in life.

I found the General a willing neophyte, and the exposition of the Catholic Faith was a real revelation to his honest and truth-seeking soul. In a short time, after reading when alone, and explanations from me when I visited him, he expressed his desire to be received into the Church.

During my many visits I had not once come across his wife.

I was with the good General one day when Mrs. Larch

knocked, opened the door and entered. I shall never forget the look she gave me.

"You here!" she said. Then she said, with a smile, "Will you please see me before you go?" After a few commonplace remarks she left.

"Well, Father Cuthbert," said the General, "I'm afraid there'll be a scene, but I know you don't mind. Patience! —come to-morrow, and if you can, make a Catholic of me at once."

I left him and saw his wife. There *was* a scene: at least there might have been had I not taken all things very quietly. I let the good lady—she was very beautiful in her high dudgeon and indignation, and posed after the fashion of Mrs. Siddons in the character of Lady Macbeth—exhaust her wrath, and then simply said, "My good child, you are a Catholic and ought to rejoice that your good and most devoted husband has so kindly received a Catholic priest. This world passes away, but the truth remains for ever. There is no need to discuss this matter. I am coming to see the General when and as often as he wishes, so you may rest quite contented with the arrangement. I shall be here again to-morrow. Do not oppose the will of God. You and your husband have to give a separate account of your individual souls." With that I left.

Soon after the interview with Mrs. Larch she left home for Paris. Her husband was now a Catholic, happy and full of gratitude for the great gift which came to brighten

the last days of his life. The only shadow which passed was the worldliness of his beautiful wife. But he prayed and hoped for more love and sympathy from a heart he loved so well.

I was called one evening somewhat unseasonably to see the General. He had suddenly taken a most unexpected turn for the worse. "I can't understand it," said the Doctor to me. "He ought to have lived for years, yet somehow there is such a change that I should not be surprised if he passes away to-night." I saw the General. He religiously and devoutly prepared for his passing hence. I telegraphed to his wife to return from Paris without delay. That night the brave, noble-hearted, childlike man, with a bright smile of happiness, passed into the beautiful home of the kind and indulgent Father, who waits so patiently for the coming of His prodigal children.

My telegram never reached the General's wife.

A grand sensation had been prepared for the gay world of the gay city. A great actress was to appear in a great part in a great play written by a great author. All the world of fashion and society flocked to the Grand Avenue Theatre. Roses and flowers, music and song; brightness and merriment. The gay world was indeed happy: enjoyment was at its height. Then came a cruel cry of fire—the shrieks of thousands—the fury of a panic—frail forms struggling for life—a few brief minutes, and the record of a dire disaster.

Among the ruins of that scene of frivolity and gaiety they found the calcined remains of the beautiful English

woman, identified only by the rich and rare gems she had worn that night.

That same night when I stood by the dying man he said to me, "Here, Father Cuthbert, is my war medal: take it and remember me. My wife will not, I trust, forget her duty to the Church and the poor. Tell her how happy I am, and how I thank God that I have come at last to the knowledge of the Truth, and die a child of the Holy Catholic Church."

I could not help thinking, afterwards, what an opportunity for good and what an influence for the Catholic Faith had been lost by that Catholic woman. Worldliness had narrowed her mind, and had frozen the well-springs of her heart.

A MARTYR OF JAPAN[1]

(FATHER MASTRILLI)

(1603–1637)

By YMAL OSWIN

I. Youth and Vocation

Marcellus Francis Mastrilli was born at Naples on Friday, 14th of September 1603, the festival of the Exaltation of the Cross. His father was Geronimo, Marquis of San Marzano, of a family of Nola, and his mother, Dona Beatrice Caracciola, belonged to a noble Neapolitan family. Marcellus was baptized in the chapel of the Jesuit College at Naples, of which his uncle, Gabriel Mastrilli, was a member, although he was unable through illness to be present at the ceremony. After the baptism, the child was carried to the bedside of Father Gabriel, who, receiving him in his arms, offered his infant nephew to God as a future member of the Society of Jesus—his brother, the Marquis, having willingly given his consent. It was remarked that the child smiled and raised his eyes to Heaven, as if to thank

[1] It is with due deference to the supreme verdict which will possibly be passed upon this life in the future, that these incidents are recorded. In conformity with the decree of Pope Urban VIII., such terms as "miracle," "saint," with regard to Father Mastrilli, are employed in a sense subject to the decision of the Church.

God for this grace. He was thus consecrated to the Society, to which he afterwards did so much honour, from his cradle.

His childhood was distinguished by remarkable piety, and he early showed a special devotion to Our Lady. He took a lively interest in the stories told him by his pious mother of the adventures of missionaries to the heathen; and she related that, moved by some secret presentiment, she could never speak of the Jesuit martyrs without mentally including her son among their number.

The boy was very charitable, giving alms freely and serving the sick with his own hands; and his greatest joy was to offer his life to God. He lived in his father's house until his fourteenth year, and his sweet and amiable character won the love of all those with whom he came in contact. He delighted to render little services to others, and did not disdain the lowest offices, the graceful courtesy with which he performed them adding yet another charm. His parents used to say that the whole household was under the management of their beloved child, and they assisted him in his charities, which he exercised in especial towards the sick and old. He would run to the kitchen to fetch food to carry to them, and by day and even by night he was found watching by some lowly bedside, serving the sufferer with his own hands. Overcome by these night-watches, the boy fell seriously ill; and during the whole course of his malady he never ceased to call upon the holy name of Mary, receiving in return many favours recorded by his mother. At one time it seemed that Our Lady directly interposed to save the life of the child, who was attacked by an infuriated bull while going through a field on his way to Mass. He was tossed and thrown on the ground by the animal, when suddenly he saw a lady standing over him, and as if withheld by an invisible hand, the bull walked quietly away.

One day he was playing in the courtyard of his home at San Marzano when a strange youth of modest appearance came to the door asking alms. Marcellus gave

him all the money given him by his mother for his charities, when he noticed that the stranger's features had taken the likeness of his own brother, then serving in Spain under Philibert of Savoy. He was just going to embrace him when the stranger vanished suddenly. Marcellus could not but think that the meaning of this apparition was, that his alms had obtained the escape of his absent brother from some danger.

One morning when Marcellus and his brothers were reciting the Morning Office of Our Lady with their tutor, according to the pious custom of the times, he burst into tears, interrupting the chant of the others; and on being questioned as to the cause of his agitation, he replied, "I weep with joy, the greatest I have ever had. I saw myself surrounded by savages, armed with swords, who tried to make me abjure the faith, or die. I felt such joy at the thought of approaching martyrdom, that I was obliged to weep." Thus early was the intuition of his future martyrdom given to him.

Once he saw a visionary funeral procession, when he was playing in a garden, and one of the forms composing it drew near, and bade him remember to prepare for death, while still living. This caused him the greatest contrition and anxiety about the danger of his own soul and those of others; and from this time the boy added so many penances and prayers to his usual practices, that his life resembled rather that of a religious than a secular.

He fasted every Saturday, and often at other times on bread and water, and was very obedient to his parents; nor did he ever speak a hasty word to the servants of the princely mansion. He early became skilled in mental prayer, and every day would converse a long time with his God, examining his conscience twice every day.

At his first Communion, at the age of eleven, Marcellus was so filled with divine sweetness, that he never afterwards let a Sunday or holiday pass without renewing the feast. It is no wonder that this holy child soon felt in himself an attraction to a religious vocation, his desires turned to the Society of Jesus as if by nature, aided by

the advice of his mother and the inspirations of Our Lady; his two mothers (he afterwards said), both the earthly and the heavenly one, invited him earnestly to this choice.

Another incident, apparently trifling, had yet a great effect on Mastrilli's vocation. While at school at the Jesuit College, he was at recreation one day with the other scholars, when Father Evangelist de Gattis, who, from his age, was rather slow in saying Mass, stood waiting for a server. Marcellus ran and offered his services, leaving his play with such readiness, that the Father, in gratitude, offered the Mass for his intention. Long afterwards, it was revealed to Mastrilli at Goa that many of the graces of his vocation were attributable to this Mass.

Many obstacles had to be overcome, however, before Marcellus could follow his vocation; these were chiefly caused by the violent opposition of his father, who, forgetful of the promise he had made at his son's baptism, and ambitious that his talents and virtues should add to the glory of his name, refused his permission for the boy to enter the Society of Jesus. In order to banish the idea from his mind, he took him to one of his country places, and hoped that hunting, hawking and country pastimes would soon effect a cure. When Marcellus, sitting at table with his father, again humbly begged to follow his vocation, the father struck him on the cheek, and bade him never again speak of the religious life to him.

Six months passed, and the boy's fervour appeared to be cooling under this trial, when an accident, which caused him to break his leg while at play with his companions, recalled him to higher thoughts. A voice seemed to echo in his heart, "This is divine punishment for your tepidity." Fearing to succumb to temptation, Marcellus had no sooner recovered than he determined to fly from his father's house, and soon prepared his plans with the greatest secrecy. On the 24th of March, then, he escaped on horseback, accompanied by one friend, starting by night, and hardly

knowing the exact route to Naples. He had ridden three miles when a tempest gathered over his head, and at the same moment a crowd of ruffians came towards him, bidding him turn back or die. In the gloom he knew not if these were apparitions or human beings, but setting spurs to his horse, he boldly charged into their midst, quickly dispersing them. The clouds dispersed at the same time, and he reached Naples without further difficulties. Hastening to the Jesuit College, he implored the Provincial to allow him to enter the novitiate without delay, and expressed his desire to follow in the footsteps of his uncles Gregory and Charles, who were already members of the Society. Marcellus was now in his sixteenth year.

The Provincial then commissioned Fathers Gabriel and Charles Mastrilli to examine their nephew as to his vocation, and the discussion lasted two days. Marcellus edified them by his answers, but at length he exclaimed, that if the Fathers continued to reason with him any longer, he should reply "Get thee behind me, Satan!"

The uncles reported that they were well satisfied with their nephew's vocation, while the Provincial firmly resisted the entreaties and commands of the Marquis of San Marzano to give back his runaway son; and Marcellus entered the novitiate. Dona Beatrice rejoiced at her son's vocation, and gradually softened her husband's objections, so that before his death, not very long afterwards, the Marquis was able to say that it was now his greatest joy that Marcellus was to be a Jesuit.

The young novice delighted his superiors by his virtues, and continued to receive many supernatural favours. A pretty story is told of a pilgrimage he made to the shrine of Our Lady, at Monte Vergine, thirty miles from Naples. Night was falling, when Marcellus and his two companions arrived at the base of the rugged mountain, which it was dangerous to ascend without a guide. Suddenly they perceived a beautiful youth, who offered them a basket of rare fruits, and after pointing out the best way to ascend, disappeared

from their eyes. The fruits were such as grew nowhere in that country, and the pilgrims could not but believe that God had sent an angel to their assistance.

At that time the plague was raging in Italy and carried off great numbers, among them Prince Philibert of Savoy, under whom Mastrilli's brother was serving. It was reported that his brother had also succumbed to the malady, and the whole family of Mastrilli now represented to the Provincial that Marcellus was their only support, and that he should return to his place as head of the family. On being informed of this, Marcellus threw himself on his knees at the feet of the Provincial, and renewed his promise never to leave the Society, even if he were the only one left of his family. His Superior embraced and blessed him, and soon after he was rewarded by hearing that his brother lived. Presages of his future martyrdom became more frequent, and once, when he was in his room, he looked up and seemed to see a vision of Heaven opened, which increased his burning desire to suffer for our Lord. Again, when walking with a companion in the streets of Naples, he paused to watch an armourer furbishing up some swords, and said: "The sword which will cut off my head among the barbarians will be like this one."

Another time, a crucifix, which stood upon a table, fell on his head and inflicted a wound, in the presence of the fathers, who had been watching the long absorption with which he was praying before the Blessed Sacrament. He accepted this as another presage of martyrdom, and when it was found that his wound was miraculously healed the next day, he at once exclaimed ardently to one of his companions, "Japan will have a Marcellus among its martyrs."

He chose as his special intercessors St. Eustace the martyr, and Blessed Francis Xavier, whose renown had filled Europe, since his death in 1552, and who was already spoken of as a Saint, although his canonization was deferred till 1662.

At the end of the two years' novitiate, having pronounced his vows, Marcellus entered upon the higher

studies of philosophy and theology, and distinguished himself so much that he was elected to be prefect of the Seminary of Nobles. He was called "the angel" in the schools, and during the four years he passed there, he would often surround himself with a circle of youths, giving them spiritual instruction, recounting the glorious deeds of St. Francis Xavier, and speaking of his desire to follow his footsteps to "the Indies." His chief consolation was reading the letters of St. Francis, and everything relating to the missions. Once he was informed by his Superiors that he might prepare himself to convert the heretics in England, and twice that he might go to the Indies, but each time he was prevented from starting. He had by this time taken orders.

At last, when one of the missionaries from Japan, Father Vieyra, S.J., was about to return thither, taking with him a number of recruits to fill the gaps made by persecution, Marcellus implored permission, for the third time, to join the band. His uncle Gabriel strongly opposed his wish, representing to him the terrible dangers to be incurred, but as Marcellus was pleading his cause, his face was seen to be illumined as that of an angel. Struck with awe, his uncle kneeled at his feet, and asked pardon for the opposition he had shown to his wishes. Permission to go was, however, again refused by his Superiors, and Marcellus was overcome with disappointment. While pouring out his grief at Mass, he invoked St. Eustace to come to his aid. He was instantly dazzled by a wondrous light which seemed to burn his heart with a touch of fire, and when he was able to look up, he saw lying on the altar a little statue of St. Eustace, from which the light proceeded. A voice seemed to exhort him to be of good courage, and to promise that his desire should soon be accomplished.

Marcellus continued to lead a life of the greatest mortification and humility, and his obedience was so perfect that he was known to reply only once to his Superior, a fault for which he did public penance by his own wish. The scholars would frequently try his patience purposely, but could not succeed in making him angry;

and he chose as companion for his room the boy who had persistently caused him the greatest annoyance of any of them. He always wore a crucifix, from which he had removed the cross, saying humbly that his sins were the cross whereon the Saviour lay.

In the year 1633 the whole Society of Jesus was much disturbed by the news of the apostasy, under torment, of Father Ferreyra, the Provincial of the Society in Japan. Although a missionary of great zeal and talents, who had done much good work in the mission, he had gradually relaxed in fervour, and when seized and put to the trial of "the pit," as it was called, he could not endure it longer than four hours, and gave the signal of apostasy. While they were already celebrating the triumph of his martyrdom at Macao, the news reached them of his terrible downfall. Prayers and penances were ordered throughout the whole Society all over the world for his re-conversion, and Mastrilli, sharing the universal grief, again offered his innocent life to God to atone for the scandal.

Two months later a terrible accident befell Mastrilli, which, but for a miracle, must have caused his death. In December 1633, the Viceroy of Naples, Count de Monterey, desired to celebrate the feast of the Immaculate Conception with more than usual solemnity, and ordered that four altars should be set up in the chapel of his palace, the adornment of which was entrusted to four nobles. One of these, Count Brancaccio, was a relative of Fr. Mastrilli's, and begged him to superintend the work. Marcellus willingly agreed, and when the work was nearly finished, a workman, who was nailing up a piece of tapestry behind the altar, unfortunately let fall a hammer weighing two pounds. It struck Mastrilli on the right temple, and he fell unconscious to the ground. He was carried to the College, and fever and sickness soon ensued, accompanied by severe pain in the head. A slight improvement followed the remedies applied by the physicians, but this was followed by a relapse, delirium and extreme weakness. On the twentieth day after the accident, the sufferer could no longer swallow,

convulsions ensued, and the physicians declared that recovery was impossible.

Meanwhile, what was passing in the soul of the sufferer; what did those wide open eyes behold, which seemed fixed as in a trance? Mastrilli has given a written account in which he declares that a knight clad in white, with a green cross on his breast, frequently appeared to him and treated him with great affection and familiarity, even seating himself by a little table near the bed. Sometimes he came alone, but often surrounded by a numerous crowd of elect souls, who followed him in a joyous procession, with lighted tapers in their hands. Marcellus knew that the knight was St. Francis Xavier, his beloved saint, and the Blessed One said to him: "See, O Marcellus, what a friend I am to thee!" smiling sweetly; "consider how I stand always beside thee, that thou mayst be joyful and content." And again: "Marcellus, what dost thou desire in Paradise? I will see if I can do something for thee there. Dost thou wish to live? What, then, wilt thou choose, the pilgrim's staff or the candle?" Marcellus always replied, "According to God's holy will," and asked him who were the blessed ones of his escort? The reply was given, that they were his friends, and prayed the Divine Master continually for him. The knight added that the holy souls were very distressed at his illness, for they were deprived of the suffrages of the Masses he was wont to offer for them. Hearing this, Marcellus begged the fathers to recite many rosaries, and to celebrate Masses for their repose.

In a letter, written years later to his friend, Don Antonio da Silva, he thus describes his feelings at this time:

"Those days were a continual paradise to me; nothing but celestial visits, happy tidings, wonderful changes and divine consolations. I have experienced of late several of these things which were then foretold; the rest are still concealed from my knowledge."

The first revelation of the sufferer's recovery was given to a pious lady living in the town, to whom St. Francis

Xavier appeared, and informed her that Father Mastrilli would not die, although he was then apparently at the point of death; but that he would recover, and was destined to a glorious end. She was also told to inform her confessor at once of this fact, but, for some reason, she delayed doing this.

At length, on the 2nd of January, the sick man contrived to speak, and his first words were to ask leave of his Superior to go on the mission to the Indies should he recover. The permission was at once granted, and he then began to pray continually that he might go to the Indies, asking those watching him to bring the written permission from the Father-General. This he placed under his pillow, and towards night extreme unction was administered to him; but it was found impossible to give him the Viaticum, for his teeth were fast closed.

By signs, he then asked for a picture of Blessed Francis Xavier, and the Infirmarian brought one from the next room, in which Francis is represented as a pilgrim with a staff in his hand, and placed it by his bedside.[1] A relic of St. Francis having been applied, he was so far improved as to be able to receive the Viaticum.

Just before dawn, about four o'clock, the watchers were surprised to hear the beloved sufferer suddenly cry out in distinct tones: "To-morrow morning I intend to celebrate holy Mass."

"I see," he exclaimed, "a light far off, but more resplendent than the radiant sun, surrounding St. Francis Xavier," whose expression of countenance he described as so sweet that all sadness left him.

Signifying to them to keep silence, for he heard a low voice calling, "*Marcellus*, *Marcellus*," he turned in his bed to the astonishment of all, and leaned towards the picture of St. Francis Xavier, saying, "The voice comes from here," and remained in a listening posture

[1] No one knew who had drawn this picture, but it was offered one day to one of the fathers walking in the streets of Naples, by a stranger, at a low price, and the father brought it back to the College.

some time, for he saw the Apostle of the Indies standing between him and the picture clad in the same garb, but resplendent with supernatural majesty, and smiling as he put the often-repeated question: "Marcellus, what dost thou here? Wouldst thou rather die or go to the Indies?"

"As God pleases," again humbly replied Mastrilli.

"But dost thou not remember that yesterday thou didst make a vow before the Father Provincial to go to the Indies if God restored thee to health?"

"I remember well," replied Marcellus.

"Go, then," returned the vision, "and renew thy vow as I shall tell thee."

He then pronounced the vow, Mastrilli repeating it after him, and when the oblation was ended, St. Francis said to the sick man, "Be cured! and kiss the five wounds on the crucifix, to show thy gratitude to Almighty God for such a great favour."

"I obeyed," writes Mastrilli, "after which he asked me if I had any relics? I handed to him a reliquary which stood near. 'Keep them with great care,' said he, and after asking if I had a relic of the true Cross, he bade me lay it upon my head." (He placed it upon his temple.) "The Blessed one made a sign with his head that the greatest hurt was not there, and pointed with his finger to the back of my head, saying, 'You must place the relic there,' and truly my greatest pain had always been there. While the relic was lying thereon, he bade me say this prayer:

"'Hail, sacred Wood, precious Cross! I consecrate myself to thee, and for ever and ever; I implore thee to obtain grace for me to shed my blood to its last dregs for thee, a grace which the Apostle of the Indies, Francis Xavier, could not obtain with all his efforts.'

"Having finished this, the Blessed one made me say the following words:

"'I renounce my family, my father's house, my friends, Italy, and everything which might retard my mission to the Indies, and I consecrate myself solely to the salvation of souls among the Indians, in the presence of St. Francis Xavier.' To this I added a *paternoster* myself. In conclusion the Apostle told me to be of good courage, and to daily renew the promises I had just made. I then felt myself quite

changed and very hungry ; I asked them to bring me something to eat. I ate and drank without any difficulty : in a word, I was perfectly cured ! "

The Fathers could not refrain their joy at this wonderful sight, and began to cry out, "A miracle, a miracle," in such tones that all the house was awakened, and ran to the infirmary. One and all began to chant the *Te Deum* before the picture of Blessed Francis Xavier.

Father Mastrilli then took off his bandages, and it was seen that the hair had grown again where it had been shaved. Dressing himself quickly, he threw himself on his knees before the picture of his heavenly healer, and remained long in prayer. He then rose up, and wrote an exact account of his cure, for about two hours without rest. Several copies, which he afterwards made of this account, in his own handwriting, are still in existence. Next morning, on the 4th of January 1634, he said Mass in the sight of all Naples, for the news of his cure spread like wildfire, and all day he received visits, many distinguished persons being among the number who hastened to the College.

Cardinal Buon-Campagna, Archbishop of Naples, came in state to interview Father Mastrilli, and desirous of testing the evidence of the miracle, he personally examined all the witnesses of it, and requested the doctors who had attended the case to make written statements of their observations. At length, on the third day, being satisfied that it was a genuine miracle, he allowed it to be published and a medal representing it to be struck, which was soon carried over the whole of Europe and even penetrated to the West Indies. The picture of Blessed Francis Xavier, so often mentioned, was carried in procession to the Church of the College with great ceremony, and attended by a vast concourse of people, who also visited the infirmary, praying at the scene of the miracle, as if in a chapel.

II. Adventures in Spain and Journey to the Indies

Our hero was not permitted to remain long on the heights of Thabor, rejoicing in the memory of the supernatural marvels which had left such a trail of glory behind them; for only four days after his cure, he was informed that his beloved mother, Dona Beatrice, had fallen dangerously ill at Nola, the ancestral home of the Mastrilli family.

Father Mastrilli drove there at once, and remained eight days, hardly leaving the Marchesa until she breathed her last, when he had to perform the sad office of closing her eyes. One hour only did he tear himself from his dying mother, at the summons of a noble lady, who sent a messenger earnestly imploring him to come to her, for she was tormented by the devil with a strange illness. Forgetful of his own grief, Father Marcellus hurried to the sufferer, bearing with him relics of Blessed Francis Xavier, and no sooner were these applied to the lady, than the evil spirit left her crying out in his fury: "I go! but though I cannot do you the harm that I would, I will wait for you on the voyage to the Indies. There we will make trial of our strength, one against the other!" We shall see that this threat was no empty one.

Marcellus returned to Naples immediately after his mother's death, having borne the journey, the long watchings and the greatest grief that could befall him without any diminution of strength; but he must have felt that the last tie which bound him to earth was now cut. In spite of his many visions, he was never tired of asking his holy patron if God would really give him the grace to die a martyr? and at last St. Francis promised him that, before leaving Naples, he should have all the certainty he desired.

After writing to Father Mutio Vitelleschi, General of the Society, to ask his permission to start at once

for the East, he received this reply: "I neither can, nor ought to prevent your reverence from employing your life and health in the service of the infidels of the Indies, since the Apostle of the Indies has himself ordered you to go."

Marcellus then joyfully prepared to go to Rome, but before leaving Naples an incident happened that seemed to be the intimation promised shortly before by St. Francis, at Nola.

A lady, unknown to him, came to him in the confessional and excused herself for her negligence in obeying an order she had received from Blessed Francis Xavier; a little while ago he had again appeared to her in the college chapel, wearing priestly vestments, and had given her communion with his own hand, once more enjoining her to go and tell Father Mastrilli that he should shed his blood for the faith in the Indies. She referred Father Mastrilli to her ordinary confessor, as a proof of what she told him, and declared that she had informed the same priest of all the circumstances of Mastrilli's late illness at the time, also predicting his certain cure.

The servant of God now sped to Rome; and on visiting the catacombs, the first inscription that met his eye seemed strangely prophetic; he read: "*Marcellus, Martyr of Jesus Christ, with forty of his companions.*"

Mastrilli afterwards had forty Jesuit companions assigned to him by the King of Spain. A relic of Francis, his right arm, had been sent from Goa, where he was buried, and was preserved in Rome, and there his ardent admirer humbly venerated it, and began to collect alms to defray the expenses of the bull of canonization which had been delayed in consequence of the death of Pope Gregory XV. Marcellus now added the name Francis to his own in order to honour his heavenly patron.

From Rome, Marcellus went to Loreto, full of longing to see the Home of Nazareth, and was here favoured with a vision of Our Lady. He saw the Queen of Heaven, and at her feet the forty Jesuit martyrs, whose

feast was the day on which he arrived. They prostrated themselves at her feet, begging a similar favour for Marcellus, and when the latter fell asleep, he seemed to be surrounded by a crowd of heathens, who put him to death after many torments. He went into Lombardy, in order to embark at Genoa, and from Parma he wrote to his uncle Gabriel.

"I go on my way filled with sweetness and spiritual consolation, free from all the thoughts and cares of earth: *Deum meum quaerens et illi soli serviens*, the further I go from Naples, the nearer I seem to Paradise; and if consolations increase in this proportion, I shall be obliged to go about the country proclaiming the greatness of divine love. . . . *Infirmissimus ego: omnia tamen potero in sancto meo peregrino*, etc."

The fame of the miraculous cure had gone before him, and the people came out to meet him from every town, kissing his hands and garments, asking his intercession with Francis Xavier, and begging a relic of him. In Milan he reconciled two knights who had a severe quarrel, and gave them Holy Communion in the Chapel of Blessed Francis Xavier. He arrived at Genoa, whence he intended to sail into Portugal, which at this date had supreme sway over the ocean, from India to the Pacific, and was the sole power allowed to trade with Japan, from its settlement of Macao. It was therefore necessary for Mastrilli to sail from Lisbon under the Portuguese flag. The proud republic of Genoa showed him the greatest honour during the enforced delay of a month there, while waiting for a ship to sail. Passage was at length offered the Father on board the Ambassador's galley, and the honorary title of commander of the ship was forced upon him. They arrived at Barcelona on All Souls' Day, and were greeted with the news of the revolt of the Moors, and the slaughter of many Christians. Mastrilli pushed on to Madrid, and a knight came out to meet him, whose features bore a strong resemblance to his beloved saint, and proved to his great joy to be no other than the head of the Xavier family, grand-nephew of St. Francis.

King Philip IV. was anxious to see the celebrated Jesuit of whom such a wonderful cure was related, and received the young priest with great reverence, remaining standing, with all his court—an extraordinary honour when we remember how strict was court etiquette at Madrid. Don Philip then said to Mastrilli, addressing him in the third person, as if he were superior to royalty: "Your reverence will give me the greatest pleasure if you will command me anything, and in return I earnestly recommend myself to your prayers, and beg you to write to me sometimes."

The King conversed with the humble missionary several times in his private cabinet, making him relate every detail of his miraculous cure; and the court vied with their sovereign in doing him honour. The Father was obliged to part with all the copies of the picture of St. Francis that he had brought with him, and many of the nobles begged to accompany him on his journey, pressing their services on him. The Queen showed him every mark of esteem, and gave him a magnificent chasuble, which she begged him to place on the body of St. Francis Xavier, with his own hands, when he should arrive at Goa. She also gave him an order to the Viceroy of India, bidding him send her in return the old vestment taken from the Blessed One. The Count of Olivarez, who was preparing a fleet to despatch against the Dutch in Brazil, invited Mastrilli to delay his journey, and embark with him, promising that if he would do this for him, he would supply all that he needed for his expedition to the Indies next year. But the missionary was not to be tempted by the adulation of courtiers and the splendour of the most brilliant court in Europe, and replied firmly that the orders of Blessed Francis Xavier admitted of no delay. After only ten days spent at Madrid, he left the capital for Lisbon, carrying with him the necessary letters patent, and accompanied by forty Jesuits selected by King Philip to be his companions. His Majesty also promised him a large sum of money, sufficient to defray the expenses of the whole party.

Mastrilli and his company arrived at Lisbon on Friday in Passion Week 1635, hoping to be able to embark on Holy Thursday. The number of his companions was, however, reduced to thirty-two in the end, and the missionaries embarked on the little fleet of thirty ships, conveying Don Pedro de Sylva, the new Viceroy, and his suite to India, which set sail on the 27th of April, the same day on which St. Francis Xavier left Lisbon for the Indies. Don Antony Tellez da Silva, the Admiral, was in command, and he invited Mastrilli, with nine of his companions, to embark in his ship, while the other missionaries were dispersed among the rest. They spent the first night in singing hymns of thanksgiving, and under the supervision of Mastrilli a regular course of religious exercise and instruction was instituted on board the fleet. A congregation of Our Lady was formed, of which the Admiral became president, while Father Mastrilli preached an eloquent sermon twice a day. The ships were full of soldiers and adventurers of all sorts, and a large harvest of souls was reaped by the zealous priest, numbers coming to confess to him by day and night; the deck and even the rigging of the galley was covered with men crowding to hear his impassioned addresses, and many remarkable conversions took place. A man who had committed many crimes and neglected the Sacraments for years, touched with grace, threw himself from the rigging and began confessing his sins with tears before all the people. Sickness soon attacked the crowded ships, and numbers perished, but not one without the Sacraments; while the Father gave away all the food and water allotted him, living on rice and sea-water for months, and redoubling his penances for the sins of the sufferers. As many as four hundred attended the general communions he instituted, and two altars were set up on deck, so that the fleet soon became almost like a religious community.

The voyage lasted six months, and misfortunes pursued them all the way, which were all overcome, however, by the prayers of Mastrilli. They were driven for days along the coast by a terrible tempest and they

were often becalmed; again, they were pursued by five Dutch pirate-ships round the Cape of Good Hope, while the evil one molested them with strange and alarming sounds on board,[1] so that Mastrilli, in solemn procession, publicly exorcised the ships. A child fell overboard when the ship was in full sail, but was miraculously rescued, the rope thrown overboard being invisibly guided to the child's hands. At nightfall Mastrilli passed through the galley ringing a bell and begging all to pray for the holy souls, and he was one of the first to practise the "Heroic Act" for them. He attached a copy of the picture of St. Francis Xavier at Naples to the poop, and would pray for hours before it, obtaining many favours for all.

The sick suffered terribly from lack of water, and at length only a few drops could be allowed daily to each, so Mastrilli ordered special prayers for rain. A procession of children in penitential garb passed round the altars erected on deck, scourging themselves, until their elders, struck with repentance at sight of these innocents, seized the scourges from them and began beating themselves,—surely a strange sight, bringing back the days of Savonarola and the children's processions at Florence. Their faith was rewarded by a heavy downfall of rain, and a favourable wind springing up, they called it "The Wind of the Innocents" in gratitude for this favour.

At last they sighted land, and touched at Manganora, whence the news sped to Goa that the long-expected Fathers had arrived, and on the 8th, the feast of the Immaculate Conception, they entered the port of Goa. A procession, headed by the Fathers of the Society, went out to meet them, and the boys of the college escorted the travellers, singing the *Benedictus*, with banners flying and musical instruments, while the people joyfully flocked around them, trying to cut pieces from Mastrilli's habit to keep as relics, and

[1] See *Diary of the most wonderful occurrence on the chief vessel on the voyage to the Indies, MDCXXXV.*, by Father Cassola, S.J., preserved at Chieri.

strewed flowers in the way. But this favourite of St. Francis was wrapt in prayer and thanksgiving, his heart full of the thought that he was now in the city where his patron's holy body lay, and he was not elated by these honours.

In a letter from Goa, he writes :—

"My Father, oh what a good Master I serve . . . . when for my confusion, in spite of these His divine Majesty ever increases the fire of my ardent desires, the fervour of my zeal and projects. In fact I hardly know where I am! The holy sepulchre of my beloved Father (St. Francis) draws my heart, but Japan begs for it and obtains it. In Japan there are no torments which I shall not seek, and which will not be my repose; no executioner to whom I will not offer my life, no sword to which I shall not offer my neck, nor chains, iron, prisons, labours, and sufferings which will satiate me. In fact, my body is in Goa, and my heart divided in many parts. We shall see what will become of me."

At length, on the 11th of March, Mastrilli's desire to see the shrine of his beloved Saint opened, was gratified, and accompanied by the Provincial, the Superior, and three other Fathers of the Society, he went by night to the shrine, and there for the first time gazed on the mortal remains of his heavenly friend and patron, with what transports of gratitude and loving devotion as are known only to God. With his own hands he carefully took off the vestment which covered the body, and placed upon it the splendid chasuble sent by the Queen of Spain, reverently embracing the feet of the Saint. The Father Provincial allowed him to keep the former vestment, giving him a handkerchief dipped in the blood of St. Francis, and also a little box containing a small relic of him.

Overwhelmed with emotion, Mastrilli placed in his patron's hand a letter written and signed with his own blood.

"To the Apostle of the East.

"*The writing and the perpetual vow of Marcellus Francis Mastrilli.*

"Most holy pilgrim, dearly loved master and most blessed

one, I have left Italy and the whole world, to come and adore your holy relics. I leave you with grief in my heart; I go to follow your sacred footsteps to Japan. I offer my whole self as a sacrifice, to be your son, your servant and slave. I leave this letter, sealed with my blood, as a pledge, of my affection, and as a perpetual inscription, which you will keep to show me and restore at the Day of Judgement, and which obliges me to observe and imitate your holy life, as much as I can *in omnibus et per omnia*; and this I swear. Only I pray you to assist Marcellus. Add to this, for the accomplishment of it, your most kind favour, in giving me the death I so much desire in Japan. I recommend to you my companions, friends, relations, clients, enemies, and the whole world. My dear Father, kindly keep then my heart and this letter, and give me the grace to fulfil all. From the professed House of God, at nine in the evening of the 11th March 1636. Dear Father, farewell. I leave you for yourself!"

The Saint's reliquary was of chased silver, but Mastrilli desired to present a handsomer one, and for this purpose he both collected alms and gave all the money given him by the Queen of Spain. A donation of 2000 crowns was added to this sum by the Admiral da Silva, who, falling seriously ill, bade the Father make out his will, leaving all he had, except the donation to the shrine, to his beloved friend Mastrilli. But on his unexpected recovery, he found that Marcellus had only inscribed the donation to the shrine, disinterestedly leaving out his own legacy; to which Don Antony then added 1000 crowns more, and a beautiful shrine was erected. After spending many happy hours at the tomb, Mastrilli embarked for Manila, resisting all entreaties to stay at Goa. A letter he wrote to his uncle Gabriel graphically describes his feelings.[1]

"I must confess, dear Father, I know not where I am, whether in the Indies, the centre of my desire, or at the gate of Paradise, which, through the multitude of my sins, I do not deserve to name. The joy I experienced on the voyage was so apparent, that the very seamen could read it in my counten-

[1] This letter is preserved at Rome, having been brought back by the procurator of the Indies, Father Semedo, and authenticated by the Cardinal di San Onofrio. It was kept in the College at Naples, whence it was transferred to the Society in Rome.

ance. It was not possible for me to conceal it; yet since my arrival at Goa, it has increased to that degree that I have no words to express it. I spend the whole time, after confessions, near that ever-flowing fountain of sweetness, and drown myself in an ocean of spiritual delights.

"I can only say, that it seems to me as if the torrent of joy, which formerly overflowed from this great Saint's breast, and forced him to cry out 'Lord, it is enough!' still runs from heaven to his heart, and by a new miracle communicates itself to all present. Here my fervour is renewed, all my desires are inspired afresh, and my heart longs for the voyage to Japan, which I am now ready to undertake."

To Father Evangelist de Gattis, S.J., he wrote from Goa on February 25, 1636:—

"I am obliged to be always mindful of dear Father Evangelist, for being now at the tomb of my glorious Saint, and reflecting on my sinful course of life, and how little I did to deserve such favours, God was pleased to show me that these mercies were all derived from your reverence's intercession. He bid me remember the Mass you were pleased to offer for me, at St. Cecilia's altar, saying it was this which drew all these blessings on me.

"Now, as I observed, we are mutually obliged to be mindful of one another, for through your reverence's prayer I find such abundance of spiritual delights as God would please to infuse into my soul. For my part I can do no less than let you share in my labours and the sweat of my brow; and on the other hand, I hope you will be not unmindful of me in your holy sacrifices, which are so powerful with heaven; and as to their effects, that depends on your own free choice, so I will not press this further.

"For the rest, we are waiting with unspeakable joy for a favourable wind for Japan, which begins to blow towards the end of April. I trust in God, the grand source of all my happiness, and hope, by the intercession of my patron, that at the time you receive this, or even before, I shall have entered into the field of battle and through the gates of Paradise. Pray for Marcellus."

The next letter is to the Admiral da Silva.

"Jesus, Mary, Francis! Grace and peace in Jesus Christ.

"Dear Antony Tellez da Silva, the well-beloved son of my soul, companion in my voyage, and friend of my heart.

"God commands me to leave you; St. Francis Xavier calls

me to Japan. I cheerfully obey the order, as the time of the great sacrifice approaches, whereby I must cleanse my soul by the effusion of my blood, and preach by wounds, what they will not permit me to say by word of mouth. I retain you in my heart, as if you were transformed into myself: I will accompany you in thought to Lisbon, and you shall follow me to Japan, a partner with me in my happiness. I will attend you home, and be present with you amongst your friends, and you shall bear me company, too, even amongst executions, in prison, and in fetters. You shall share with me the day of triumph, and keep for yourself the better part of my blood, which I now offer up for you.

"Be pleased to accept this small tribute of gratitude from a poor Religious, and your obliged servant.

"Remember Marcellus, whom you so tenderly loved and caressed; and when you hear that I am tormented and put to death in Japan, say one *Ave Maria* in honour of my Saint, and congratulate your friend on his happy lot.

"I shall endeavour to have the first news of things as they fall out. The time has not yet come. But, mark my word, I will always be the same to you that I have ever been, and will seek to supply in the other world what I cannot make good here. Wherever I may be, it is enough that you name your request.

"In the meantime you shall share with me in the little good I do here, in honour of my dear Father, St. Francis Xavier, for the glory of God. May it please the divine Majesty to let him visit you, as he did me, in his white robe, with a cross on his breast, and the taper and pilgrim's staff in his hand, followed by the celestial troop which used to wait on him.

"May he help and assist you in all your undertakings; pray that he will not delay for my many sins the wounds I am to receive on my head and legs; but that I may suffer all manner of torments, and so enter into possession of the Infinite Good, if more can be desired than what He gives me at the present time.

"O good God, how foolishly do I talk! But this between ourselves till we meet again.

"Farewell, a thousand times farewell. Rest satisfied, for all things will prosper with you. From the affectionate servant of the Indians and yourself,

"MARCELLUS FRANCIS MASTRILLI."

Never was a sweeter farewell written to a friend, and must not this true friend, Don Antony, have read and

re-read this precious letter, sacred with the mysterious joy of martyrdom, when all was accomplished, and his glorified friend breathed love to him from heaven?

III. A Glorious End

Dangers still pursued Mastrilli on his voyage to Macao, for the ship leaked, and they were again pursued by Dutch pirates, and when they reached Macao, the Portuguese Governor, though willing to help them, was unable to find any sailors daring enough to attempt to convey the missionaries to Japan, the Emperor having lately issued an edict threatening death to anyone bringing foreigners into those islands. Mastrilli was therefore obliged to pass on to the Philippines, where he and his companions landed on July 3, 1636. They were courteously received by the Governor, Don Sebastian Hurtado, a man of remarkable piety and talents, and great was Mastrilli's surprise when he recognized the features of the unknown knight of the green cross, whom he had seen in the vision during his illness at Naples. The Governor promised him every assistance for his project; but as he was about to set out on an expedition to crush some Moorish pirates settled in the island of Mindanao, who were the scourge of these seas, he begged Mastrilli to accompany him and aid him by his prayers. Mastrilli consented, and meanwhile the other missionaries, with his permission, returned to Macao to await a more favourable opportunity for the mission.

Space forbids us to narrate the events of the campaign against the Moorish chieftain, Corralat, in his impregnable island fortress. Many fierce battles were waged, and the Spaniards were many times driven back, before their standard waved from the fortress. Mastrilli, standing on an eminence near the

standard on which was a picture of St. Francis Xavier, exhorted them by words and prayers, like a second Moses, and when defeat threatened, he publicly scourged himself. He was struck by a cannon-ball on the thigh, but it fell harmless to the ground. After some days the Moors were completely routed, their chief fell by his own sword, and the rest were annihilated.

Mastrilli entered the mosque, burned the Koran, and after purging the building, offered holy Mass daily there. He was indefatigable in tending the wounded, and nearly all under his care recovered. The Spaniards then returned to Manila in triumph, and Mastrilli now prepared to sail for Japan, refusing all entreaties of the Governor to join his next expedition, although he foretold victory to him. The Father learned Japanese very quickly from some fugitives at Manila whom he converted, and permission from the Visitor of the Society of Jesus in these parts having with great difficulty been obtained, many Spaniards, together with the Governor, contributed generously to fit out the ship, ladies giving their gold chains and jewels for this object. For some time no pilot could be found, but at last a Japanese prisoner was released on condition that he landed Mastrilli in Japan. A most affecting parting now took place, for all regarded the Father as a doomed man, and when the Governor came on board to bid his guest farewell, he was unable to control his emotion. Speechless with grief, Don Hurtado could say no more than, "Marcellus, Marcellus," and place in his hands a letter in which he had written all that his heart yearned to say, begging even that he might be allowed to possess Mastrilli's body after death. "No longer Marcellus," replied Mastrilli, "but Francis of the Cross, in memory of my beloved Saint, and the sufferings reserved for me."

It was the 10th of July when Mastrilli set sail on a Chinese vessel, disguised as a Chinaman, for the coast of Japan. One of the crew soon threatened to betray the priest, and loudly proclaimed his intention. But his jaw immediately became dislocated, and was only healed

when Mastrilli gently touched the mouth that had so cruelly threatened him. A terrible storm assailed them, "but," said the priest, "it is a good novitiate for Japan!" and by his prayers a rainfall was again procured to supply the dearth of water. Mastrilli was the first to hail land, as the island of Kiusiu hove in sight, but they were unable to land, as the small Japanese boat they had on board was unsound. Procuring another, Mastrilli embarked on this fragile craft, first taking leave of the crew, who, with the pilot, fell on their knees begging his blessing and kissing his hand with tears. The Japanese converts refused to leave him, though he warned them that their faith was not strong enough to withstand the trials that awaited them. They touched at Satsuma, and Mastrilli threw himself on the ground, pouring forth thanksgivings and prayers for perseverance. Proceeding to the port of Chokizo to repair their boat, they landed at Cuso, where Mastrilli was recognized for a priest, but for a bribe was allowed to pass on his way. Mastrilli left the boat to his companions, and hid himself on land, while they coasted along in sight, and were soon taken by Japanese soldiers, who, failing to find the image of an idol round their necks, as ordered by the Emperor, conveyed them in chains to Nagasaki.

To his uncle, Father Gabriel, Mastrilli wrote from Japan:—

"I know not where to begin, nor where to end; St. Francis Xavier has performed all his promises! He restored me to life by a miracle, and by another miracle brought me safe to my dear Japan, where I hope to fall suddenly into the hands of the executioners. Who would have thought, after such a wicked course of life, to have seen me in this place! Oh, how sensible I am of the truth of these words: Grace depends not on him that wills, nor on him that runs, but on the pure mercy of God, to whom honour and glory for ever and ever."

But Mastrilli's time in the land of his desires was short, for all his poor Japanese converts, except one, Antony Cotenda, gave way on being tortured, confessed

that they had landed a priest on the island, and told his whereabouts.

The Governor then sent two hundred and fifty soldiers to arrest the solitary missionary. The smoke from a fire which the Father had lighted in the wood, guided them to the spot where he was kneeling with arms outstretched in the form of a cross. Struck with his angelic and rapt expression, these rough soldiers dared not arrest him, but fell back, and would have prostrated themselves to worship him, but Mastrilli turned his eyes on them, saluted them, and said with a smile, "My children, do your work; come and seize me!"

The soldiers then found courage to approach and bind him with small cords, fastening his hands behind him, and connecting the knots with a noose round the neck. The earth quaked when this was finished, and the prisoner was taken to Nagasaki, about a week's journey. All were astonished at the appearance of the prisoner when summoned before the Governor, for his head was surrounded by a bright light. To all the judge's inquiries as to the object of his journey, and whether he had been sent by the Governor of Manila, whose victory at Mindanao had alarmed them, Mastrilli replied calmly that he was an Italian, proceeding from Portugal to India, the Philippines, and thence to Japan, to preach the Gospel to the Japanese, and restore the Emperor to health by means of some relics he had with him. He did not hesitate to say that the Apostle of the Indies, Francis Xavier, had sent him on this mission. He then gave a sketch of the labours of St. Francis, and how he had converted one of the Japanese kings, Francis Bonugo, to the faith. Being further questioned about the Saint, he related his own wonderful cure at his hands, which much impressed the Governor. But the jealousy aroused by the Spanish conquests overbore this transitory admiration for the prisoner, and he commanded him to be tortured or give up the faith.

The first torture inflicted on Father Mastrilli was that of water. He was attached by a twisted cord to a high

place, and then suddenly let down headforemost into a large vessel of water; then he was hoisted up again, turning round and round so violently that respiration was impossible, and the water was violently ejected. The next infliction was even more painful.

Being first bound in every limb, a tube was placed in his mouth, and water was forced through it without any breathing space being given. As many as forty glasses were forcibly given him in this way. He was then placed on the ground, and a plank placed on him, on which his executioners trampled until the water was ejected. The pain was so great that he fainted, and for some time they thought he was dead. On recovering, he bravely said to the judges: "Do not be surprised at my fainting; I am a Religious, it is true, and am not familiar with an easy way of life; still I am a man, and feel the pangs of nature. Nevertheless the spirit is always willing and the mind constant, so as to be able to suffer all torments even unto death itself."

The second day, the same torture was repeated, with the exception that glasses of water were slowly and uninterruptedly poured upon his face,—as many as four hundred glasses of water, we are told.

On being taken back to prison, he again met his Japanese companions there, and guessing, from their downcast countenances, that they had, as he predicted, apostatized, he shed tears, uttering sighs and groans that no torture had been able to wring from him. He praised and strengthened Antony Cotenda, while the other unfortunate men confessed their weakness to him, and begged him not to implicate them still further by giving an account which differed from theirs, as they had concealed some incidents. Father Mastrilli promised to help them as far as he honestly could, and then reproached them so vigorously for their weakness, that they all promised to repair their fault with the sacrifice of their lives.

On the third day Mastrilli was again examined by the judges, but he gave the same answer as before, exclaiming, "Multiply your torments uninterruptedly if you

will. God will give me strength to endure them." Torture by fire was then inflicted, and the martyr's flesh was torn with hot irons; but he remonstrated so boldly with his torturers, saying that such indignities were unworthy even of beasts, that they were ashamed, and returned to the torture by water, which was inflicted for three days, until the victim was all but dead, and was carried back to prison lest he should escape the public execution.

Soon after, the Governor sent to tell him that he was condemned to die at last, news which he received with the greatest joy, asking pardon of the messenger that he had nothing to give him in thanks for the glad news. He asked what death he was to die, and on being told, "in the pit," he replied: "It is well; the spirit is willing, though the flesh is weak. Nevertheless I shall not die by that death, but by the catana" (as the Japanese call the sword that inflicts the death-blow).

He passed the rest of this night in prison praying, and was wrapt in an ecstasy, so that the guards and the judges themselves, who came to watch the holy man, saw him raised in the air above the ground, and radiating a bright light all around. Those outside in the town, it is related, saw a wonderful light in the sky, which went down to the prison. Other marvels showed the favour of the Almighty for His brave soldier, but the guards dared not publish them for fear of the people.

On Wednesday the 14th of October, at eleven o'clock in the morning, Father Francis Mastrilli was led out to die, on horseback and bound with cords and chains. He was gagged, in order to prevent him preaching, and clothed in his cassock, which they had cut above the knee, leaving his legs bare. The right side of his head was shaved and stained with red ochre, a mark of the greatest ignominy in Japan. A large placard was hung at his back, bearing these words, and signed by the emperor's own hand:—

"Xogunsana, Emperor of Japan, has condemned this madman, through his Governors, Fedasca. Chietara, Saiema and Busaburo, for coming into his kingdom of Japan to preach a

foreign religion, in opposition to the laws of Xam-Amda and other gods of this realm. Come ye all to the execution, for he shall die in the pit to make others wiser by his example."

Accompanied by the faithful Antony Cotenda, his fellow-prisoner, he passed through the streets of Nagasaki, with their quaint temples and brightly-coloured houses, followed by a vast, yet respectful crowd, for even the heathen dared not insult the holy priest, and some were even moved to compassion. Coming in sight of the sea, they saw six Portuguese ships lying in the harbour, and as the *cortége* entered a street called Yendo, given up to the Portuguese inhabitants, these waited in a sympathetic crowd, and in spite of the severe prohibitions of the government, escorted the martyr in a body to the place of execution, "the hill of martyrs," imploring him to bless them and to offer one drop of his blood for their salvation.

The holy prisoner returned their greeting, and showed his acquiescence in their wishes by bowing his head three times. When they had arrived at the "mountain of martyrs," so long present in his mind, he was released from the gag which held him and spoke a few last words to the people. After courteously thanking the Governor for escorting him to his execution, he declared that all should now see how great is the God whom the Christians worship. He also spoke of the precious treasures and of the beauty of heaven, and of eternal happiness to be esteemed by all as far above earthly goods.

But here his guards interrupted his speech, and bound him tightly under the arms, with his hands pinioned behind his back. He was then hung head downwards in the pit, only his feet being above ground; planks were laid over the pit so as exclude light and air as much as possible. Antony Cotenda was placed in another pit in the same way. Mastrilli remained motionless for four days, when the guards, thinking he must be dead, were surprised to hear him reply to their ironical query as to whether he wanted anything:

"I want nothing but the glory of heaven," replied the martyr; "depart and no longer disturb my rest."

It was found that Antony Cotenda had already expired, and the Governor shortly afterwards ordered that Mastrilli should be decapitated at three o'clock on the 17th of October. The guards came to take him out of the pit. Fearing that they were about to release him, the sufferer asked why they came to disturb his rest? On being told his sentence, he exclaimed: "It is well! I long desired this end."

When he was taken out of the pit and set on his feet, he experienced most cruel pain, but falling on his knees, he invoked his patron Saint, calling out frequently, "My Father, St. Francis Xavier," which was heard by the Portuguese, who had sorrowfully reassembled around him. All were surprised to find that he seemed more vigorous than when he was first put in the pit. He remained kneeling while the executioner struck at him with his curved sword, but the blow hardly razed the skin from his neck. A second time the sword fell, but he was unhurt, only a slight red scar showing, nor did the prisoner interrupt his silent prayer. Struck with terror, the executioner threw down his sword, until Father Mastrilli awoke from his sweet trance, turned to him and begged him to take up his sword again, for that he would succeed this time. Thus encouraged, the man seized the sword again, and without any difficulty severed the head from the body, setting free that glorious soul to join the noble army of martyrs. At this moment a violent earthquake shook the ground, and the sky was darkened by clouds, one of which entirely covered the Governor's palace. Several other marvels took place, seen by the devout Portuguese and native Christians. The precious remains were thrown on to a fire, earth was mixed with the cinders, and they were cast into the river, so that none might venerate the relics. Antony Cotenda's body was burnt with that of his spiritual father, and it was noticed that, although the wind blew hard, the smoke ascended straight up.

Thus died Marcellus Francis Mastrilli, on the 18th October 1637, at the age of thirty-four, offering up his life on the same spot where the unhappy Ferreyra had fallen, on the same day of the week, and in the same month.

Father Ferreyra, for whose conversion Mastrilli offered his life, remained sixteen years at Nagasaki in apostasy, dressed as a Japanese, cruelly treated by all, and compelled to go through the form of marriage with a Japanese woman. He resisted the expostulations of the Portuguese, Don Mendez de Mora, nephew of a Jesuit father, who contrived to see him, but prayers were offered for him by the Society continually, and at last, when bedridden from infirmities, he was overcome with repentance, and declared that he was a Christian, though unworthy. He was condemned to die in "the pit," where he had formerly failed, and though so weak that he had to be carried to the "mountain of martyrs," he persevered under three days' torture, praising and thanking God for this grace to his last breath (1649).

Nearly all the Christians were now exterminated in Japan, and for centuries it was fast closed to the Western world. It remained for our day to see the wonderful advance of Japan, and the reintroduction of civilization and Christianity. Many of the Japanese were found still secretly carrying on Catholic practices handed down to them by their brave ancestors, for the faith was never stamped out.

> "After the winter cometh summer,
> After the night the day returneth."
> —*Imitation of Christ*, Bk. ii. Ch. 8.

NOTE.—*The Novena of Grace.*—Authentic documents narrate that one of the many communications made to Father Mastrilli by St. Francis Xavier during his illness and miraculous cure at Naples, was to the effect that anyone who should have made a novena of prayer in honour of the Saint from the 4th to the 12th of March, with confession and communion, should obtain the graces he asked, if it were according to God's will. Devout Neapolitans soon began this practice, and it has continued ever since, while innumerable graces obtained justify its efficacy.

Special prayers are now used for it, which are found in the devotions in use in all the Jesuit churches; as for instance in the book now in use at the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Farm Street, London.

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